The Fatall
DOOM;
OR,
The Charms
OF
DIVINE LOVE.

By R. H.

Totus figatur in Corde
Qui pro te fixus in Cruce.

LONDON,
Printed for *John williams*, at the Crown in S. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1655.

TO

THE RIGHT

vertuous and ho-

nourable,

GEORGE BERKLAI,

Esquire.

SIR,

IF there be any thing new under the Sun, in this Bird of Paradise, that is ſti-

led the New Creature. This is such a Noveltie of such an heterogeneous nature from the old world, that it gazeth on him as a piteous Changeling, and explodes him as an ill-favoured Monster. Alas (sayes Marcus Antoninus) those Graces which the Deities sent down as so many Pillars to stay up Humane

mane Societies, Faith *and* Modestie, Justice *and* Veritie, *they found such cold entertainment here below, that they are fled backe to Heaven. And for all that I perceive, it is as great a Raritie to meet with one that ownes them, as it is with a* white Moore *or* black Swan: *that if any were of the humour of that old*

πίστις καὶ αἰδὼς, δίκη καὶ ἀλήθεια πεφύγασιν.

(Pittacus) *old Philosopher*, τείχειν πρὸς φῶτα πονηρὸν, *to let flie an arrow at everie vitious man he sees, a thousand to one that he misses, shoot where he will.*

(Psalm) 14.4. They are all gone out of the way, there is none that doth good, οὐχ ἕως ἑνὸς, no not one (*sayes the Prophet.*) *No* (*sayes* Plutarch) *there is not one that is sober to Vertue, but they are*

οὐδεὶς πρὸς ἀρετὴν νήφων, ἀλλὰ ῥεμβόμεθα πάντες αἰσχημονοῦντες καὶ κακοδαιμονοῦντες.

are all runne not onely shamefully out of the way, but unhappily out of their wits; such a Vertigo *there is in their brain, and turning round, by the spirit of Giddiness. Nay, and* (*saith* Julian) *they are all inflamed to an height of Frenzie, by the Furies of Hell; nay, and many* (*saith* Isidor) *by the*

πάντες ὑπὸ δαιμόνων παροιστρώμενοι. (Julian. Imp.)

furie of their owne Luſts: ſo that they dare do that which the Devils themſelves dare not, ſuch acts that the very tranſcendencies of their horribleneſſe maketh them incredible to Poſteritie. And yet τυχὸν peradventure (ſayes Iulian*) it may be no Paradox, that amongſt myriads of bad ones there may be found*

πολλοὶ μὲν δρῶσιν ἃ δρᾶσι οἱ δαίμονες οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν, (Iſid. Peluſ.)

ὐ παράδοξον εἰ πολλοῖς φαύλοις ἕνα γενέσθαι σπουδαῖον, (Iulian.)

one

one good; and he giveth two eminent instances, Deioces *among the* Medes, *and* Anacharsis *amongst the* Scythians.

Sir, I am overjoyed that I can see one Star shining amidst this our so crooked and umbratile Generation, that knoweth not how to distinguish betwixt oblique and straight, betwixt Light

Quidam adeo umbratiles sunt, ut quicquid in turbido est, in luce esse putent. (Senecon.)

Light and Darkneſſe, nay, that extinguiſheth the one by the other, that breatheth forth nothing but Spears and Swords, and meaſures all rights by the length of their Weapons. I am glad I have met with one of an heroick ſpirit, that dares love Chriſt, when nothing ſooner expoſeth to hatred; nay, when Chriſt himſelf,

ἔστω ἡμῖν ἡ ἰσχὺς νόμος δικαιοσύνης (Sapient. 2.11.) *Ius eſt in armis* (Sen.)

himself, ὁ ἀληθινὸς Θεὸς, very God, (1 Iohn 5. 20. (blessed God for ever (Rom. 9. 5.) *is exposed, (and that not by* Iewes, *but by Christians, nay, by multitudes of them, as blasphemous* Arrius *boasted*) *to that cursed croaking of that Atheisticall Toad, which Hell it self durst not belch forth, and which I cannot express without*

πλήθη ἔχομεν, συμπράττοντα ὄχλοι.

τοῖς δὲ τοσαύτην βλασφημίαν ἐρεύξασθε; (Theodoretus.)

out horrour, τὸν ἀνεσκολο-πισμένον ἐκεῖνον σοφιστὴν, that grand Impostor hung upon a Gibbet. *For do not they all in effect speake the same, who deny his God-head? Nay, yet, which is worse, if* Epiphanius *be not mistaken, scarce one of the many thousands who with their mouths deifie him, but by their abominable actions*

χείρων ἡ κακοπιστία τῆς ἀπιστίας, (Epiphan.)

(Tit. 1. 16.)

actions defie and denie him. (Rom. 1. 21.)

Sir, I am glad I have met with one, in whose heart the love of him is fixt, who was crucified for us; one noble Eagle that can ἀσκαρδαμυκτὶ βλέπειν, gaze upon that glorious Sun with an irretort eye, when others are either like Moales starke-blinde, or like Owles pur- ἄσπερ σπάλακες ἢ σκῶπες ἀδίοπτοι, (Clem. Alex.)

μυωπάζοντες, (2 Pet. 1.9.)

pur-blinde, and cannot see at any distance; one that looks upon all other things as Dung in comparison of the superexcellent Excellencie of Iesus Christ; *one of whom I could say more, but that I should expose, what? your* Honour *to the tongue of Envie? or my Reputation to a jealousie of Adulation? nay, but rather your*

Modesty

Modeſtie to violence, which uſeth to bluſh at its owne Perfections; otherwiſe I ſhould not much fear the imputation of Flattery, where all Hyperboles are but Diminutions.

When once a ſoul is pregnant by the Deitie (ſaith Plotinus) *oh what lovely off-ſprings will it produce? it bringeth forth Beautie,*

ψυχὴ πλησθεῖσα θείου γόνου τὸ καλὸν, γεννᾷ τὴν δικαιοσύνην, (Plotin.)

tie, it bringeth forth Righteousnes; that is, (if I may interpret as a Divine) Love to God, and Charitie to all that bear his Impress: for so I finde in the sacred Dialect, Love to God, such a

(2 Cor. 3. 18.) *Beautie as transformes into the Image of him*

(1 John 4. 16.) *who is the* Brightnes of Glorie; *which therefore must needs ennoble*

the

the Soul, becauſe it is of ſuch a near cognation with God; and Charitie to Man is in expreſs tearmes ſtiled δικαιοσύνη *Righteouſneſs,* (Pſalme 112. 9.) He that giveth to the poor his righteouſneſs remaineth for ever. *And that this is the very reſemblance of that Heavenly Father, not onely Chriſt hath ſaid it, but* (Matth. 5. 44.)

an

μίμησις θεοῦ ἐυποιεῖν ὡς ὅτι μάλιστα πλείστους (Marcus Antonin.)

an Heathen Emperour.

Which are the reasons that heightned me to this boldness, to present this charme of Divine Love to your Honour. *First, because there is no such lovely Musick in your eares: which I do more then conjecture, by your candid acceptation of a verie incomposed susurration thereof,*

in

in the preſence of that good Knight, *for whom I could have died: and Secondly, becauſe I could doe nothing leſſe by way of gratitude for my many Engagements to that noble Hand of Charitie, ſo often reached out to me readie to ſink: which, as it is* θυσία δεκτὴ, *a ſacrifice that aſcends in ſuch odoriferous*

Sir Robert Cook

λιμὴν τῶν ὀν ἀνάγκῃ ὁ ἱλεώμων, (S. Chryſoſt.)

(Philip. 4.18)

rous flames, that God is delighted therewith; so (I doubt not) will descend in abundance of blessings upon you, and your vertuous Lady, *and noble* Relations *here, & shall be crowned with a Diademe of Glory hereafter: which shall be the hearty Prayer of,*

Sir,

Your Honours most humble Chaplain

R. H.

1 CORINTH. 16. 22.

If any man love not the Lord JESUS CHRIST, *let him be Anathema, Maran-atha.*

IF any man love not the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt:* A ſtrange and dreadfull *Si-quis* this; but I hope, *non eſt inventus*, there is no ſuch Monſter amongſt he ſons of men. Any man

not love that bleſſed God who made him man; nay, who himſelf condeſcended to be made Man, that man might aſcend into the participation of his divine nature? Bleſſed Apoſtle, can any man be ſo wretchedly curſed, as not to love him who was made a curſe that man might be crowned with bleſſings? So it ſeems by the manner of his expreſſion; nay & ſo its too too evident by the generall demeanour of thouſands that glory in the title of Chriſtians. S^t. Mar-

θεὸς βροτὸς ἵνα θεώσῃ σὴν φύσιν (*Joan. Metropol.*)

tin walking in the fields by himſelf, of a ſudden fell into lowd cryes and weeping, and being asked (by one that paſſed by and over-heard him) the cauſe of that his lamentation, *I weep* (ſaith he) *to think that the Lord Jeſus ſhould do ſo much for us men, & yet not one man of a thouſand ſo much as mindes him, or thinks of him.* Thinks of him? nay indeed, where is there amongſt us one of a thouſand, that does not either by baſe apoſtaſy and ſchiſmaticall diſſention, or by

fraud and rapine, or perjury and other ſcandalous actions diſhonour him, & βλασφημεῖσθαι, expoſe him to the obloquies of Jews & Heathens? *Ecce quinam ſunt qui ſe Chriſtianos vocant*: See what manner of people they are who term themſelves Chriſtians, (as *Lactantius* brings in the Heathens upbraiding them in his time.) Sure, had their Chriſt taught them better, they would be better then they are: how can we

Si Sancta Chriſtus docuiſſet, Sancta à Chriſtianis fierent. Qualis Secta, tales Sectatores. Quomodo bonus Magiſter, cujus tam pravi videmus Diſcipulos?

think

think the Maſter to be good, whoſe Diſciples we ſee to be ſo bad? He that looks upon the lives of Chriſtians amongſt us at this day, muſt conclude as Doctor *Whitaker*, *Aut hoc non eſt Evangelium, aut nos non ſumus Evangelici*; Either there is no ſuch Chriſt as the Scriptures ſpeak of, or elſe thoſe that profeſſe Chriſt are not ſo good Chriſtians as becomes them. Never Age pretended more to the knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt, and never Age ex-

preſt leſſe love to him, if Obedience be the argument of it, as himſelf implyes. Never more light, and never leſſe heat. It's the epidemicall malady of this our Enthuſiaſticall Age, that the Spirits are diſpenſt not into the hand and feet, but they fly up into the tongue and brain; and people conceit, as the old *Gnoſticks*, that there is no other ingredient to ſalvation, then refined ſpeculations of Evangelicall myſteries: which is a damnable Cheat that the De-

Devil hath put upon them, and which (if I were at leasure) might be easily convinced of most grosse absurdities from the very heathen Philosophers.

1. *Gratius est Deo amari quam prospici*, the Deity takes a greater complacency to be loved by us, then to be known. why so? for in knowing God we give nothing to him; but in loving him we give him *quicquid & sumus & possidemus*, all that we are, and all that we have.

2. It is possible that we

γνῶσις φυσιοῖ (1 corinth. 8.1.)

may know God, and yet be never the better, nay the worse; for many times knowledge puffeth up with pride. There is none more knowing then the Spirit of pride, who is therefore called δαίμων, quasi δαήμων. But love him we cannot, but must be the better. why so? becauſe (ſayes *Plato*) the ſoul by the force of love, not of knowledge, is made divine; as wood by the heat, not the light of fire, is transformed into fire. And then,

3. There is none but will

will graunt that *pejus eſt Deum odiſſe quam ignorare*, it's infinitely worſe to hate God then to be ignorant of God: then it muſt follow by undenyable conſequence, that it's by many degrees better to love God then to know him. And if you ſcruple at theſe blinde mens reaſons, I will tell you what my divine Apoſtle ſays in this caſe (1 *Cor.* 13, 1, 2, 3.) *Though I ſpeak with the tongues of men and of Angels, and have not charity, I am become as ſounding braſſe, or a tinkling Cymball:*

ball: And *though* I *have the gift of propheſy, and underſtand all myſteries and all knowledge; and though* I *have all faith, ſo that* I *could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.* And then what think you of that ſaying of S^t. *James*, Jam. 2. 19. σὺ πιστεύεις, Thou believeſt that there is one God; thou doſt well; and ſo do the devils themſelves: nay, they go a degree further; the devils believe and tremble. It's a plain caſe (ſayes *Cuſanus*) *diabolica eſt fides, credere & non amare*; that

that is no better then a deviliſh faith, that believes only, and does not alſo love. *Lucere novit Lucifer iſte, ardere non novit:* that *Lucifer* knowes excellently what the light of knowledge is, but not what the flame of Love; & therefore is ſaid to have his chair in the North. And for all that I perceive, it's generally our caſe in theſe Northern parts; if not, I could wiſh ſome would do me the favour to ſhew me ſuch an one: as *Arrianus* ſaid to the *Stoicks* of his time; You talk

idcoque cathedram ponit in Aquilone (Petrus Bleſenſis.)

talk much, and glory in the profeſsion of *Stoici/m*, but I beſeech you do me the courteſie to ſhew me one that is a true *Stoick* indeed; ſhew me one that ſmiles upon the rack, that can look upon the grim viſage of death without the leaſt perturbation of ſpirit; εὐφράνατέ μοι, μὴ φθονήσητε ἰδεῖν θέαμα ὃ μέχρι νῦν οὐκ εἶδον, Gratifie my old eys with ſuch a lovely ſpectacle as I never yet could behold. So ſhal I ſay to you (*Chriſtians*) You talk much of Chriſt, and pretend much

much to the love of Christ, and it were pitty of your life, if you should not love Christ; but I pray you bless my eyes with the sight of any one that loves Christ indeed; shew me one that is one spirit with Christ, that loves those things that Christ loves, & hates those things that Christ hateth; shew me one that dresseth himself at that spotlesse Glasse of beauty, that purifieth himself even as he is pure, that draweth all the lines of his life according to that glorious Sampler of vertue

χρῆτλον ἀγῶμαι ὁ ὁ θεὸς θέλῃ, ἢ ὁ ἐγὼ συνορμῶ, ἐρέγομαι, ἁπλῶς συνθέλω (Epictetus.)

vertue and holineſſe. Shew me but one ſuch Chriſtian as *Clemens Alexandrinus* deſcribes his *Gnoſtick*, ὃς ἂν περισκέψηται εἴ τι λυσιτελὲς, who lives a pure holy life merely out of pure love to God, who will not violate the leaſt divine law ἀπιμώρητον ὤν, though he might have the priviledge of impunity, nay καὶ τὰ τῶν μακάρων ἀγαθὰ προσλάβοι, though he might upõ that conditiõ enjoy the joys of the bleſſed above. Alas! where ſhall we meet with ſuch a lovely object? But, if

if it be not ſo with you, if you do not imitate Chriſt; for ſhame pretend not to the love of Chriſt: if you love him not, pretẽd not to the life, no, nor name of Chriſtians. Παύσασθε τὰ κατὰ ὀνόματα, καὶ πράγματα καλαϊσχύνοντες, For ſhame (ſays *Epictetus* to his *Stoicks*) either live as *Stoicks*, or leave off the name of *Stoicks*. So ſhall I ſay to you (Chriſtians) either love Chriſt as becomes Chriſtiãs, or els take not upon you the glorious title of Chriſtians. Chriſtians, and yet not love Chriſt; what

οὐκ ἔνεγκα αἰσχύνην τῆς ὑποκρίσεως, εἰ πίθηκοι ὄντες τὰ τῶν ἡρώων πρόσωπα περιθέσθαι ἐτόλμησαν.

a prodigy were that! Who can with patience ſee Apes in the habit of Nobles? (ſayes *Lucianus*.) Who can brook with the impudency of ſuch Hypocriſie? To ſee (ſayes *Julianus* the Emperour) people pretend to be adorers of *Jupiter*, Hoſpitall *Jupiter*, and yet themſelves in their actions

ξένιον ὀνομάζομεν Δία, καὶ γιγνόμεθα τῶν Σκυθῶν κακοξενώτεροι.

more inhumane and barbarous then the *Scythians*: to ſee them flock into *Jupiter's* Temple, and to ſacrifice to him, and think τὸν Δία καλῶς θεραπεύειν, they have done him ſuch honour

φοιτῶν πρὸς τὸν νεὼν, μηδ' ὅσον δραχμῆς μεταδοῦναι.

nour and ſervice as paſſeth; when in the *interim* they grumble to part with one Farthing to relieve their poor neighbours want: what inconſiſtencies and incongruities are theſe? ὅταν ὡς ταῦτα ἀπίδω, when I look upon them, παντελῶς ἀχανὴς γίνομαι, I cannot but be extremely amazed. And the truth is (ſayes *Plato*) there cannot be any more extreme Injuſtice, then that any man ſhould ſeem to be Juſt, and Pious, when he is not ſo indeed. Rea-

ἐσχάτης ἀδικίας δίκαιον δοκεῖν μὴ ὄντα (*Plato.*)

Reader, I know not how the caſe ſtands with thee: but if thou doſt not love Chriſt ſincerely, I ſhall wiſh thee to forbear the name of a Chriſtian, either to lay claim to it, or any priviledges belonging to it. Ἢ φωτὸς ἢ πυρὸς κληρονόμος (ſayes *Greg. Nazianzen*;) None that loves not Light, but muſt be heir of Darkneſſe. And ſo you ſee here my Apoſtle wiſheth ſuch a black fate to all ſuch, *If any man love not*, &c.

For the more clear illuſtra-

luſtration of which words, I ſhall diſcuſſe theſe two Quæres. 1. What he means by theſe ænigmaticall terms, *Anathema, Maran-atha.* 2. Why he lets fly ſuch Thunderbolts againſt that man that does not love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

1. Let him be *Anathema*, what is that? It is a word that is cloathed with Death, or rather it is *lethalis arundo*, an arrow that is ſteept in the gall of Dragons, that ſtrikes with death whereſoever it lights. It is of the

the ſame deadly rankling nature that חרם of old in the Synagogue, which (ſay the Jewiſh Doctors) was the ſecond *ſpecies* of Excommunication, and much more dreadfull then the firſt, the נדוי (*nidui*) ſeparation or remotion *ad quatuor paſsus*, not ſuffering any man to come within four paces of him that was under that cenſure; which my Apoſtle expreſſeth by μὴ συναναμίγνυσθαι, not to entertain ſuch perſons with any civil familiar diſcourſe, that they might

1 Cor. 5. 11.

might be aſhamed: but this of *Anathema* is a degree higher, and a more direfull kinde of Excommunication amongſt them, and in which, for the greater Solemnity of it, there were Curſes out of the Law of *Moſes*, and direfull Execrations added to it. It is a word that expoſeth to all kindes of dreads and deaths: as *Joſephus* obſerves of thoſe whom the *Eſſeni* (a pure Sect amongſt the *Jewes*) caſt out of their Congregation, οἱ ἀξιοχρέους ἁμαρτήμασιν

μασιν ἁλόντες, being taken in ſome notorious ſin; whoſoever was thus caſt out, cõmonly he came to ſome fearfull death. And therefore the Primitive Church uſed to put on mourning habits, and to wail over them that were to be excommunicated, ὡς νεκρὺς πενθῦσι, as over them that were dead (ſayes *Origen*:) for ſo was the Apoſtolicall conſtitution (ſayes *Clemens*;) Every one that is irreclamable, ἀποπέμπεσθαι turn out of the Church, μετὰ λύπης καὶ πένθους with grief

οἰκτίσῳ πολλάκις μόρῳ διαφθείρεσθαι.

ἀνιάτως ἔχοντα (*Apoſt. conſtit.* 2.)

grief and mourning. And ſo my Apoſtle calls it in expreſſe terms πενθεῖν (1 Cor. 5.2.) to lament and mourn: and (2 Cor. 12.21.) I *am afraid leaſt when* I *come*, I *ſhall bewail many amongſt you that have ſinned and have not repented*, that is (as that ἄριστος θείων μυστηίων ἑρμηνευτὴς Doctor *Hammond.* does interpret it) I ſhall be forced to exerciſe ſeverity among you, to inflict Cenſures on them. So that you ſee its no laughing matter, as this prophane Age of ours makes it, that ſtands no * more in awe of this Apoſto-

* ὥστε δεῖνον φοβηθείη τὶς ἂν ἕωλον θρυαλλίδα, ἢ τὴν τῦ παιδαμάτρος κεφαυνῦ φλόγα (*Lucian*)

licall Thunder, then of the ſnuff of a Candle. No? is it no more formidable then ſo? is not Death terrible? Why, this *Anathema*, whenſoever it ſtrikes, if it be not reverſt by thy repentance, it cuts thee off as a ſacrifice to Vengeance. He that ſacrificeth unto any god, ſave unto the Lord, *ut Anathema perditor*, or (as the *Septuagint*) θανάτῳ ἐξολοθρευθήσεται), let him die the death. Nay, it expoſeth thee not only to the Jawes of Death, but alſo of Hell, and that ſpirit of hell that rangeth

φοβερώτατον φοβερωτάτων.

Exod. 22. 20.

rangeth up and down like a roaring Lion ſeeking whom he may devour. Let him be *Anathema*, let him be ſtript of all protections and bleſsings of all good Angels; nay, ὑπὸ δίκος τῇ ἀπειλητέσῃ πλαγῇ, let him be expoſed not only to all the fiery darts and plagues of the Divine Fury, but to the black paws and fangs of that Infernall Spirit, whoſe ſole imployment it is (ſayes *Macarius*) nay delight and pleaſure (ſayes *Clemens Alexandrinus*) to imbrew his hands in bloud, and to

1 Pet. 5. 8.

γυμνὸς τῆς πείχεως τῆς ὑπὸ τῶν ἁγίων δυνάμεων ἀσφαλείας (S. *Baſil.*)

ἓν γὰρ ἔργον ἔχει τοῦτο, μετασρέφειν. (*Macarius Homil.*)

plunge all ſouls into the ſame gulf of damnation with himſelf. Let ſuch an one be delivered up to Satan (ſayes my Apoſtle.) If that be not a dreadfull ſentence, that may ſhake every corner of thy heart, what is? An Excommunicat perſon? what object more ruthfull and calamitous? The very Heathens pointed at ſuch an one that was excluded their Temples, as *Caput diis inferis ſacrum*, a Wretch given up into the proper poſſeſsion of the infernall Fiends; and looked upon him

(1 Cor. 5. 5.)

him as ſuch a malignant, that if any ſhould kill him, he was not obnoxious to judgement, becauſe his ſoul belonged to thoſe ſpirits below. And ſuch (it ſeems by the manner of expreſsion) did curſed *Cain* take himſelf to be: *Now am I caſt out from the preſence of the Lord, and every one that meets me, will murder me.* And ſuch a Wretch is every one that does not love the Lord *Jeſus* Chriſt, in my Apoſtles account, Let him be *Anathema. Nec amet, nec ametur ab ullo;* let all mouths be opened a-

gainſt him: the mouth of Heaven and Saints to curſe him; the mouth of Hell and Devils to devour him. So that (you ſee) that word is black and dreadfull enough: and able (I ſhould think) to fright the ſtouteſt heart of them all.

2. But what is that other, *Maran-atha*? You would little think by the interpretation thereof there ſhould be ſo much Horrour in it, as there is. It is a word compounded of the *Syriack* and *Hebrew*; *Maran* ſignifies the Lord, & *Atha* ſignifies

ſignifies *venit*, is come, or, is coming : put them both together, The Lord is come, or The Lord is coming. Inſtruct me Oracles, what is the meaning of this? Some will have it to be a tacit rouzing of his *Corinthians* out of their ſupine lethargy & prodigious forgetfulneſſe of their duty to their Lord and Maſter: An alluſion to Scholars in the abſence of their Maſter playing the wantons; of a ſudden one of them ſpying the maſter coming, gives the reſt warning of

it, To your books, Scholars, the Maſter is coming: ſo the Apoſtle here, To your leſſon of Love, *Corinthians*, *Maran-atha*, The Lord is coming. Others will have it to be a patheticall adjuring of them by the loving coming of the Lord, to reciprocate love to him again. Others will have it to be an Apoſtolicall exprobration: How? not love the Lord *Jeſus* Chriſt? Why, this Lord came down from heaven out of mere love

Ὁ κοινὸς δεσπότης ὅτι τοσοῦτον καταζῆναι κατηξίωσε, καὶ ὑμεῖς ἁμαρτάνοντες ἐπιμένετε; (S. Chryſoſt.) *Dominus venit ſalutis; iſte Dominum venientem non amat, adeo perfidus & ingratus?* (Pet. Mart.)

to

to ſave him, and yet is he ſuch a monſter of ingratitude as not to love him? Fy upon him; let a curſe? yea and let ſhame light upon him. Which (I confeſſe) I do rather embrace then any of the former interpretations: yet there is another, which I ſhall rather commend unto you then this alſo: which ſayes that the Apoſtle alludes to the originall form of Excommunication uſed in the Church of the *Jewes*, which they called *Sham-Atha*, and was the higheſt degree, and with which

Dr. *Hammond.* (ſayes our learned Doctor) this *Maran-atha* is coincidental: For *Sham*, that is no other then *Shem*, our bleſſed Lord, whoſe name is

Eſay 9. 6. Wonderfull, The Angel of the Covenant, in the midſt of whom is my name (*Exod.* 23. 21.) and *Atha*, as here, is *coming*. And ſo S^t. *Jude* expreſly tells, that it was the very Thunder-bolt that old *Enoch* ſhot at ſuch like prodigious Monſters in his

Jude v. 14. time, ἦλθε κύριος, *The Lord is coming with his holy myriads to execute judgement upon all that are ungodly, and to convince*

vince them of all their ungodly deeds and words. Nay, the word runs in the *præteritum tempus*, as this of my Apoſtle does; ἦλθε κύριος (ſayes holy *Enoch*) *Marā-atha* (ſayes *S. Paul*) the Lord is come: whereby is implyed the Certainty of his glorious coming to the confuſion of all ſuch graceleſs wretches, ſo ſure as if he were come already.

So you ſee the interpretations of theſe Riddles clear, as if they were wrote with the Sunnebeams.

And now let the Atheiſticall

theiſticall ſcoffer at the power of the Church take them home with him, and tell me, nay rather himſelf, whether this ῥομφαία δίϛομος two-edged Sword, may not make deep wounds and gaſhes in that carnall ſoul of his: If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, let him be *Anathema*, curſed from the preſence of the Lord, let him not be thought worthy to come where the Lord hath to do; *Maran-atha*, a curſed wretch of that deplored hope, that the Church knows not what to do farther

farther with him, but is enforced to bind him over to anſwer that high indignity at that great generall day of Aſsizes, and to expoſe him to the dreadfull ſentence of that Lord himſelf whom he hath ſo contemned, and incenſed, who ſhall be Judge, and who, he may be ſure, will pay him home; nay and that ſuddenly too, *Maranatha*, the Lord is coming to render vengeance and execute Judgement upon all ſuch ungodly wretches as doe not love him. Which is the firſt *Quære*, what

what is the meaning of thoſe abſtruſe, obſcure words, *Anathema*, *Maran-atha*.

Yet, before I can diſmiſſe them, I ſhall beſeech thee to fixe thy eye upon this glaſſe, and therein take an exact view of the ill-favouredneſſe and uglineſſe of that man that does not love the Lord *Jeſus* Chriſt. Thou ſeeſt the Apoſtle uſeth two words of diverſe languages to expreſſe his horrid and wofull condition, Let him be *Anathema*, *Maran-atha*; as if he would have it ingraven on his

his fore-head in ſuch characters, that all Nations, both *Jewes* and *Gentiles*, might read it running. The Obſervation is obvious, and evident, yet ſuch, that (I ſhould think) it ſhould make the man to tremble.

There is no ſuch curſed creature under the Sun, as that man that does not love the Lord *Jeſus* Chriſt.

Rather then he ſhall eſcape, my Apoſtle here diſciplines both Jew and Gentile to thunder out curſes

ſes againſt him in their own dialect. This is ſuch a Truth, that the Devil himſelf, whoſe very propriety is lying, confeſt it, when by an holy man exorcized and conjured out of a poor man whom he had poſſeſt; for being demanded his name, he anſwered, I am that *curſed creature* who am deprived of Love. I hope then no Chriſtian will deny it; and if there be any ſuch, I doubt not but to convince them ere I have done.

τέτοις γὰρ οἰκεῖον ψεῦδος ἡ ἀπάτη. (*Pſellus.*)

If any man love not the Lord

Lord *Iesus* Christ, he must needs be accursed; First, because he cuts himself off from him that is the Fountain of all blessings here for the present; and secondly, because Christ will cut him off from all enjoyments of himself hereafter in the life of Glory.

1. Accursed he must be, because he flies off from him that is blessed God for ever; *à quo procul abesse est esse minus*, from whom the more that any man is at a distance, the lesse he is (a blinde man could say.) And

πόῤῥω εἶναι ἧττον, (*Plotinus.*)

And he that does not love Chriſt, muſt needs be at a great, nay an infinite diſtance from him, becauſe he hates him. Hate him? *Horreſco referens*, I cannot but tremble at the very expreſsion: it's a very ſad, yet infallible Truth, for ſo himſelf hath ſaid it; Matth. 6. 24. δυσὶ κυρίοις, two Lords you cannot ſerve, for you muſt hate the one and love the other. It is a plain caſe (ſayes *Cuſanus*) two loves cannot be equall, eſpecially where there is no ſubordination, but contrariety of Objects (as in the preſent caſe,

caſe, Chriſt and Mammon) and therefore he that loves the one muſt of neceſsity hate the other, as being divided from that one which he loves. Does he ſo? does he hate Chriſt? then ſeparated from Chriſt he muſt needs be: for as Love is of an uniting nature, ſo Hatred is of a dividing. Your ſins have divided betwixt me and you (ſaith God, *Eſay* 52.2.) Alas, alas, (ſayes *Gregory Nazianzen*) ἀλλοτρίωσις θεοῦ ἡ ἁμαρτία, there is not the leaſt ſin that I hugg in my boſome, but it eſtrangeth and

and divorceth me from my God: eſpecially that damnable θεοστυγία hatred of God, this muſt needs eſtrange the ſoul from God, becauſe it is of an heterogeneous nature frō him; it is the very aſsimilation of the Devill, who is therefore called *Satan*, becauſe he is an hater of God. Hatred is no other then the participation of the ſatanicall nature, and transforms the ſoul into Satan himſelf, if you'l believe the Wiſe man; *When the ungodly man curſeth Satan*, καταρᾶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἑαυτοῦ, *he*

Ecclus 21. 27.

he curſeth his own ſoul: as if they were μία ψυχὴ but one ſoul; as if there were not only an identity of nature, but of perſons; for it is the Soul of the man, that is the Perſon of the man. And if Satan therefore acknowledge himſelf an accurſed creature, becauſe deprived of this divine love; what think you, muſt not that man be alſo accurſed, who is of ſo near cognation to him, that if he curſe him, he curſeth his own ſoul? Πῶς φέροιμι τὸν θεὸν ξημιώμενος; (ſayes *Gregory Nazianzen.*) What a curſed

Animus cujuſq; is eſt quiſque (Cicero.)

κ̓ νῦν τί χρὴ δρᾷν, ὅστις ἐμφανῶς τοῖς θεοῖς ἐχθαίρομαι; (*Ajax.*)

curſed wretch muſt that man be that is ſeparated from the pure fountain of all bleſsings; who is hated by that God who is Love it ſelf; nay, whoſe very Bleſsings are curſed by the God of Bleſsings! (*Malachy* 2.2.) What a curſed wretch, that neither can nor dares pray to heaven for a bleſsing; nay, whoſe very prayers are ſuch an Abomination to the Lord, that they pull down Curſes in ſtead of Bleſsings! As the Philoſopher ſaid to the debauch't Marriners, praying in a great ſtorm;

ſtorm; Oh Wretches, hold your peace, leſt we all be caſt away, if the Gods perceive you to be ſailing here. What a curſed wretch, whom all the Creatures purſue, and riſe up in arms to his ruine and confuſion! Ὁπλοποιήσει τὴν κτίσιν, he armes the whole creation, εἰς ἄμυναν ἐχθρῶν, for the revenge of his enemies; as *Jonah* will tell you to his coſt. God is pleaſed to ſend him to *Nineve*, and he forſooth, in a pettiſh humour, is hoyſing up his ſailes for *Tarſus*; and ſee what comes of it: The Windes

Σιγᾶτε, μὴ ὑμᾶς ἀΐδωνται ὀνδὲ πλέοντας.

(Wiſd. 5. 17.)

Omnem vem vehere poteſt navis præter fugitivum.

Windes and ſtorms riſe up in a fury, and the Seas ſwell with rage againſt him; the ſhip, though of that bulk that it could carry any thing elſe, yet cannot the fugitive Prophet, but over-board he muſt; and there is a Whale ready to receive him into her wide jawes, and there he is intombed, ὥσπερ ἐν ζῶντι τύμβῳ, as it were in a living Sepulchre, to let him and all the world ſee, that he that flies from the ever-living God, flies to his own death. And howſoever that jugling ſpirit caſts

miſts

mists before their eyes, and fools them with a conceit of pleasantness and deligh in the wayes that are farthest off from the strictness and severity of holiness; yet (sayes *Greg. Nazianzen*)--ἦν δ' ἄρα τοῦτο Ἀτρεκὲς, ὡς ἀλιτροῖς πλείη ὁδός ἐστι βαράθρων, it is a most divine truth, that the waies of wicked men are full of hells: and I (sayes *Plato*) if I were a Law-maker, I would impose a severe penalty upon that man that should say, that there are some men that are not so pious indeed as they

Ζημίαν γε ὀλίγου μεγίστην ἐπιτιθείην, ὃς φθέγξαιτο ὡς εἰσί τινες ἄνθρωποι ποτὲ πονηροὶ μὲν, ἡδέως δὲ ζῶντες.

ſhould be, but they live merrily. Soul, eat, drink and be merry (ſayes the rich Farmer, *Luke* 12. 19.) But it was as great a miſtake of the fool to think that ſuch a ſoul could be merry, as it was that it could eat or drink. Soul, be merry? Fooliſh man, how can ſuch a ſoul be merry, that is ſo taken up with the love & thoughts of earth, that is therefore ſo fain to wander abroad and buſie it ſelf about other objects, becauſe its afraid to look homeward, and to behold its own ugly

θύραζε ἐπιπηδᾷ πρὸς τὰ ἀλλότρια, (*Plutarch*)

ugly ſelf, ὡς γέμουσαν πανταδαπῶν κακῶν; how can ſuch a ſoul be merry, or take joy in it ſelf or any thing elſe, that is divided from him who is the pure fountain of joy? Yet that's not the worſt of it neither, but,

2. That man that does not love the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, muſt needs be in a curſed wofull condition, becauſe he ſhall be eternally ſeparated from his bleſſed and bliſſefull preſence. And ſo my Apoſtle does aſſure us, *The Lord ſhall be revealed from heaven* 2 Theſſ. 1. 7, 8, 9.

with his mighty Angels, and ſhall in flaming fire take vengeance on them that obey not the Goſpel of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt: who ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord. No wonder he ſaith, they ſhall be eternally deſtroyed, who ſhall be eternally ſeparated from him who is ſalvation it ſelf. And that it ſhall be ſo, himſelf hath told it before-hand, his very ſentence ſhall run, *Depart from me,* κατηραμένοι *ye curſed, into everlaſting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* Into *fire, eternall fire!*

Matth. 25.41.

fire? an heavie ſentence this (ſayes St. *Chryſoſt.*) yet nothing ſo heavie as the former part: *Depart from me?* this is dreadfull indeed; τοῦτο τὸ ῥῆμα τῆς γεέννης χαλεπώτερον, there's more horror contained in that word, then in all the fire and brimſtone, and tortures of Hell; and its that *Pœna damni*, that eternal loſs of his bleſſed face, that makes Hell ſo terrible to the Saints. *Depart from me?* Lord (ſayes Saint *Peter*) *whither ſhall we go but unto thee? Thou haſt the words of eternal life,* (John 6. 68.)

διὰ τοῦτο δὲ τὴν γέενναν φοβεῖσθαι δεῖ, οὐ διὰ τὸ πῦρ ὀνεῖδος, οὐ τὰς διηνεκεῖς κολάσεις, ἀλλὰ διὰ τὸ ἐκείνης τῆς εὐνοίας ἐκπεσεῖν.

C 3 Nay,

Nay, Thou art ὁ λόγος, that Word that is eternall life. And what death muſt ſurprize us, if we depart from Thee, who art Life it ſelf! What darkneſs, if we depart from Thee, who art Light it ſelf! Into what a curſed Hell muſt we be plunged, if we depart from Thee, who art Bleſſedneſs it ſelf? *Depart from me*: no wonder he adds, *ye curſed*. If ſuch a departure from ſuch a bleſſed preſence be not a curſe, I pray tell me, what is? And ſee how this bleſſed Lord payes them home

home with their coyn: For did not thoſe Wretches that did not love him, firſt bid him depart from them, and cry out, we will not that he ſhould reign over us? would they part with one luſt for his ſake, that parted with heaven for theirs? nay, did they not ſo hate him, that they advanced their baſe luſts into his glorious Throne, and made them their Chriſt? For without doubt (ſayes *Macarius*) whatſoever it is that carries away the principall love of any mans heart, ἐκεῖνό ἐστιν αὐτῷ ὁ θεὸς,

εἰς ὃ γὰρ πρᾶγμα ἡ καρδία δέδοται, καὶ ὅπερ ἐπιθυμία ἔλκει, ἐκεῖνο ὁ θεός.

ὁ θεὸς, that is that mans God. And if that be not a prodigious departure from him, what is? And if ſo, I muſt appeale to themſelves, whether that his diſmiſſive ſentence, *Depart from me*, be not very proportionable and juſt. Oh what curſe, what hell can be bad enough for that man that dethrones the Lord of Glory: nay, enthrones in his ſtead Avarice, Ebriety, Envy, Pride, Luxury, nay the very ſpirit of Darkneſs? And yet to ſee ὡς δεινὰ ἐκλυπῆσαι, how prodigiouſly mad impiety makes

makes its Idolaters: there is not one of a thouſand of theſe curſed Wretches, but flatters himſelf with an hope that he ſhall hereafter be eternally bleſſed with the enjoyment of Chriſt in Glory. How? enjoy Chriſt in Glory, and yet ſo ſhamefully to renounce him, as not to love him? its impoſſible: as impoſſible as that himſelf ſhould be forſworn. Doſt thou not hear God himſelf ſwear the contrary, *I ſware in my wrath*, εἰ εἰσελεύσονται *if ever they enter into my reſt.* What then? Nay there is Heb. 3. 11.

all: but its ſuch a dreadfull *Apoſiopeſis*, as (I ſhould think) ſhould ſhake every vein of thy heart. As if he had ſaid, if ever they come where I have to do, then ſay I am no God, I am perjured.

But ſuppoſe there had bin no ſuch oath, I ſhall ask thee, Firſt, with what modeſty; Secondly, with what reaſon couldeſt thou expect to come into the preſence of that Majeſty? What impudence were it for ſuch a ſoul, as black as hell, to dare to approach near ſuch a reſplendent bright-

brightnes? As *Mercurius* told *Charon* (in *Lucian*) requeſting him to ſhew him *Iupiters* Palace above, How (ſayes he) Καὶ σὲ, that ſuch a Caitiffe as thou, whoſe converſation hath been altogether with black ſhades and impure ghoſts, ſhouldeſt ſet thy foot in that pure Palace of Light? οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ, what a diſhonour and derogation were that to the place? τίς συμφώνησις, what harmony is there (ſayes my Apoſtle) betwixt Light and Darkneſs? There is ſuch an abſolute contrariety and heterogeneouſneſs

καὶ σὲ τὸν ἀεὶ τοῖς εἰδώλοις συνόντα, τῶν τοῦ Διὸς βασιλείων ἐπιβατεύειν; οὐ θέμις ἐστί

neſs betwixt their natures, that they are incompatible and inconſiſtent (ſayes *Proclus.*) πᾶν τὸ ἀλλότριον φωτὸς, ἐκποδὼν, whatſoever is of another and diſcrepant nature from light, muſt needs ſtand off at a great diſtance from it. And that *light ſhined in darkneſs* (ſayes St. *Iohn* of Chriſt) *and the darkneſs comprehended it not.* Indeed it were ſtrange if it had (ſayes *Cuſanus.*) *ubi nulla baſis lucis,* where there was not the leaſt baſe or foundation for that light to faſten upon. And ſure, as light cannot compre-

Iohn 1. 5.

hend

hend darkneſs, ſo neither can darkneſs comprehend light. Μὴ πλανᾶσθε, *Be not deceived,* (ſayes my Apoſtle) *neither fornicatours, nor idolaters,* &c. *ſhall ever inherit the Kingdome of God.* No (ſayes an Heathen) but thoſe that would be immortally happy, they muſt live holily and juſtly.

1 Cor. 6. 9.

τοὺς ἀθανάτους εἶναι βουλομένους, δεῖ δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως ζῆν. (*Antiſthenes.*)

There is no happineſſe of the Soul, but onely in its immediate union with God, as of the eye with light, (ſayes *Plato* ;) no, nor can the ſoul ever be in a capacity of that happy union

οὐδεμία ἐπιστροφὴ χωρὶς τῆς φιλίας καὶ ὁμοιότητος (*Proclus.*)

union χωρὶς ὁμοιότητος, except it be first transformed into the same nature with the Deity, (layes *Proclus.*) What thinkest thou? do not these Heathens speak reason? may they not put thee to the blush, thou wretch, who art so unlike to God, that thou hatest him who is Love it self, and all that is lovely; and yet with a shameless confidence lookest to enjoy the beatificall vision of him in Glory? How? and yet not love him? with what congruitie of reason canst thou think so? But, suppose

ſuppoſe thou ſhouldeſt come to that glorious ſight (which yet that it is impoſſible, thoſe blind men have told thee) it would be ſo farre from being any advantage of happineſs unto thee, that it would be as * hideous and horrible as hell it ſelf; thou wouldſt ſo burſt with very envy to ſee his infinit Glory, whom thou didſt ſo hate: thy caſe would juſt be the ſame with ὀφθαλμὸς λυμῶν the ſoar eye gazing upon the Sun (as *Hierocles* inſtanceth) which is ſo far from being a comfort, that it proves a torment to it. And

* *Quid pravis mentibus imprecer? opes, honores ambiant: Et cum falſa bona gravi mole paraverint, tunc vera cognoſcant bona.* (Boetius.) τὸ φῶς δὲ ὁμίχλης, πῦρ φαίνεται. (*Julianus Imperator.*)

And now, if thou haſt any further maw to it, go and ſpit out all the virulencie thou canſt, againſt the Lord Jeſus, and let thy rapine and malice againſt his poore Members, and impious confounding of Heaven with Earth, things ſacred with profane, proclaim to the world that thou hateſt him: Yet, ſayes *Diphilus*, μὴ πλανηθῇς, I muſt tell thee, thou fooleſt thy ſelf, if ever thou thinkeſt to ſneak away without vengeance and confuſion. How is it poſſible? when the very preſence of him, who

-ἀλλ' ἀπελθὼν κλέπτ', ἀποστέρει, κύκα.

μηδὲν πλανηθῇς, ὅτι κἂν ᾅδου κρίσις, ἥνπερ ποιήσει θεὸς ὁ πάντων δεσπότης.

who to the Saints that look upon him with pure eyes is an infinite delectable light, will be to thee, as the light of the Sun is to those that see it δι' ὀμίχλης, through a cloud, that is, ἠδὲ καθαρῶς ἠδὲ εἰλικρινῶς, neither purely nor clearly; it doth not seem φῶς καθαρὸν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ, a pure light, but fire (its an observation of one of thy fellow-haters of Christ.) & if thou wouldst know what fire, my Apostle tells thee to thy confusion, πῦρ καταναλίσκον, a consuming fire. What thinkest thou now? canst

Julianus Imperat.

Heb. 12. 29.

canſt thou conceit any comfort in the approach to ſuch a preſence? doſt thou not clearly ſee an inevitable neceſſitie of thy forlorn curſed condition? Oh (ſayes our bleſſed Saviour) *if the eye*, which is the ſole light of the body, if that *be darkneſs*, τὸ σκότος πόσον; *how great is that darkneſs*! The application is eaſie, but withall very dreadfull: If the preſence of Chriſt, who is Life it ſelf, prove Death to thee, oh how great will thy death be! If the preſence of him, who is Happineſs it

Matth. 6. 24.

it ſelf and Salvation it ſelf, prove a Torment to thee and Damnation, oh how great will thy torment and damnation be! If the preſence of him, who is the very Joy and Bliſs of Saints and Angels, prove a Curſe to thee, oh how great and inconceivable will thy curſe be! And ſo you have the firſt *quære*, what is the meaning of thoſe abſtruſe tearms, *Anathema, Maran-atha.*

2. Why this Apoſtle comes with theſe βολίδες ἀστραπῶν, direfull Thunderbolts, and lets them fly abroad

abroad againſt ſuch wretches that anathematize themſelves by that their not loving our bleſſed Jeſus? What? (ſaith he to theſe very *Corinthians*) *ſhall I come unto you with a rod, or rather in love, and in the ſpirit of meekneſs?* How ſweetly he recollects himſelf? and the truth is, there is no ſuch loadſtone to attract love as love, and no ſuch ready way to win upon the noble mind of man, as the ſpirit of meekneſs: and without doubt there is nothing more ſymbolicall and ſuitable to the

1 Cor. 4. 21.

Generoſa eſt mens hominis, & facilius ducitur quam trahitur. (Seneca.)

the Evangelicall ſpirit of this Apoſtle. And it may ſeem ſtrange at the firſt view, that ſuch a *Barnabas* (Son of Conſolation) whoſe ſacred lines uſe to flow with grace and peace, ſhould become ſuch a *Boanerges*, and come upon them with ſuch terrible Thunders, *Anathema*, *Maran-atha*. Yet if thou pleaſe (whoſoever thou art, that art ſo unhappy as not to love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt) with a little patience to hear what may be ſaid, to ſhame thee out of that helliſh fury, and

and to draw thee, nay, and enforce thee to return to the love of him, I ſhall appeal to thy ſelf as a rationall creature, whether S. *Paul* could do leſs then powre out theſe Execrations upon thee.

1. Do but ſeriouſly conſider the condeſcenſions of Chriſts wonderfull love to thee, and ſee if they will not put thee to the bluſh, if thou anſwer not his love with love. Secondly, Take but an exact view of the ſtupendious excellencies that ſhine in him, and tell me if they

may

may not draw χάλκεον ἦτορ the moſt iron heart: And then, Thirdly, Do but chew a while upon a few principles of reaſon, which I ſhall tell thee, and which thou ſhalt not deny, and then tell thy ſelf whether thou art not enforced to love Chriſt, if thou mean to love any thing.

1. The condeſcenſions of Chriſts love to thee are three.

1. Its a great condeſcenſion in him, that he will vouchſafe to give thee leave to love him. That ſuch

ſuch a Majeſtie that loves himſelf infinitely, becauſe he is an infinite Lovelyneſs, nay (with reverence let me ſpeak it) that cannot do more to himſelf, then love himſelf; that he ſhould vouchſafe the ſame priviledge and honour to Man; well mayeſt thou cry out with the Prophet, Lord, what is man, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo honour him? An high condeſcenſion this, if thou bethink thy ſelf what man is: the beſt of them all no ſuch lovely piece, as to invite ſuch a Majeſtie to be-

ſpeak

ſpeak their love. Look upon man with a ſpirituall eye, and there is no ſuch leprous creature; ἕλκεσι βρύων, from the ſoal of the foot to the crown of the head, there is nothing but Boyles and Botches, and putrifying Soares. ὅλος ϕολός: no Toad ſo odious and ugly as man, if he be lookt upon out of Chriſt: look upon him with a naturall eye, and there is no ſuch deſpicable and forlorn creature. What is Man? Ile tell you what (ſayes *Gregory Nazianz.*) he is πνεῦς & χνῦς, a p le of

Duſt and puff of Winde. Nay, σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος, (ſayes *Pindarus*;) Man is a dream of a ſhadow. Nay, καπνῦ σκιὰ (ſayes *Æſchylus*) a ſhadow of ſmoke. What is Man? Why (ſayes the Prophet) every man is altogether vanity. Nay, it runs in the originall, every man is every vanity: imagine what vanitie you will, Man is that; Man is a mere comprehenſive vanitie. Is he ſo? then what a condeſcent is this, that ſuch a glorious Majeſtie ſhould ſtoop to be loved by ſuch a poor Frog crawling

Pellis morticina, vas putredinis, ſomes tineæ, cibus vermis. (Petr. Bleſenſis.)

ing out of the pool (as *S. Bernard* terms him?) And what a ſhame is it if thou doſt not love him, when it is thy greateſt honour that thou maiſt love him.

The condeſcenſion will appear greater yet, if thou conſider who is the greateſt gainer of the two, if thou ſhouldeſt love him. What (I hope) thou wilt not imagine that Chriſt wiſheth thee to love him, as if he were at any great loſs or diſtreſs if thou love him not, or that he getteth any thing by it if thou love him: No, but

all the gain and advantage will redound to thy ſelf. To be ſure, its impoſſible that any thing ſhould be added to him, for he is Perfection it ſelf, and nothing can be added to Perfection (ſayes the Philoſopher.) He is ſuch a ſuper-in-undant Fountain (ſayes *Philo*) that he breakes out with the ſtreams of his goodneſs upon all things, but receives nothing back again from any, πρὸς βελτίωσιν to better himſelf therewith. Nay, it were no leſs then Blaſphemy to have any ſuch

τέλειον λέγεται ἓν, οὗ μὴ ἐστὶν ἔξω τὶ λαβεῖν, μηδ' ἓν μόριον, (*Ariſtot.*)

τὸ μὲν ἴδιον ἅπασι μεταδεδωκὼς, μετέχων οὐδενὸς ἑτέρου πρὸς βελτίωσιν, (*Philo Iud.*)

ſuch conceit of the Deitie (ſayes *Hierocles*:) ὅστις τιμᾷ whoſoever thinks by honoring or loving God, that God is any way the better for it, he doth prodigiouſly forget himſelf, as if he were better then God himſelf. Alas (ſaith the Prophet) *My goodneſs reacheth not unto Thee*; and, *My Prayer ſhall return into my own boſome.* Yea, and ſo ſhall all our other ſervices whatſoever: If we love him, all the Advantage ſhall redound to our ſelves; if we do not love him, all the Loſs will be our own,

ὅστις τιμᾷ τὸν θεὸν ὡς προσδέόμενον, λέληθεν ἑαυτὸν τοῦ θεοῦ κρείττονα ὄντα.

all the miſchievous and fatall conſequents will light upon our own pate. And ſo, if thou be not wilfully blinde to thy own Ruine, thou maiſt perceive by that complaint of his (*Ierem.* 2. 13.) *They have forſaken me the fountain of living waters, and digged unto themſelves broken ciſterns that will hold no water* . As if he had ſaid, I do not complain as if this their revolt were any damage to my ſelf; for what is a living Spring the worſe, if people will not draw water out of it? but that which troubles me,

me, is their own miſcarriage and prodigious Folly; that they ſhould forſake me, that ſo they may periſh with thirſt; that they ſhould fly from me, that ſo they may fall headlong into the Devills mouth. It is a plain caſe, there is no ſuch policy for a man, if he wiſh well to himſelf, and love himſelf, as to love God. *Amare Deum eſt amare ſeipſum*, (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) to love God, is to love himſelf: as to hate God, is to hate himſelf. Oh, what a ſweet, and lovely, and loving precept

is that, Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God? *Illud jubet quod è re noſtra maxime eſt*, he commands us to do that which makes moſt to our own advantage. It is out of pure love to us, that he would have us to love him: he doth it upon no other deſigne, but that upon our loving of him, he might crown us with bleſſings. So that (I ſhould think) it were ſtrange, if any man ſhould now hum and haw, and be at a Quandary with himſelf, whether he ſhould love Chriſt or no, if he doth

doth any thing wiſh well to himſelf. Were not that man a Monſter, who being thirſtie, ſhould not onely expect that drink ſhould be put into his mouth, but be threatned, nay hired to let it down his throat? And yet ſuch is the love of this our bleſſed Jeſus. He is pleaſed to preſent the cup of Love to thee; and, rather then fail of thy admittance thereof, he intreats thee to pledge him, nay, will hire thee to it: *Si amabis, dabo cœlum*; none ſhall out-vie me, or bid more for it then my

Psalm. 16.

ſelf; I will give thee heaven, where are all πρανότητες, deliciouſneſſes and delectabilities; and if that be not enough, I my ſelf (who am the comprehenſion of all things deſireable) will be thy Reward. Nay, rather then fail, if fair words and glorious promiſes will not prevail, he comes with an holy violence, (*Pſalme* 9. 12.) *If a man will not turn,* (no *ho* with him, but will ſtill go on in that his froward humour;) *he hath drawn his ſword* (ſayes the Prophet) as if like a paſ-

ſionate

ſionate lover, he ſet the point at his breaſt, and will enforce him to love him. *Nirembergius* breaks out, *Quid mihi & tibi, O bone Ieſu, ut me ames?* Bleſſed Jeſus, what is my love worth, that thou ſhouldſt uſe ſuch violence for the procuring of it? For the moſt part, if we deſire that any ſhould love us, we make choice of ſuch as are moſt lovely. Alas, *Ego horror & odium totius mundi*; I am ſuch an horrid, odious & deformed monſter, that all thy creatures riſe up againſt me, and threaten my

my confuſion. What a condeſcenſion is this, that thou ſelecteſt me for one of thy lovers, who deſerve thy love leſs then the very Devils themſelves! And yet what ſayes my Apoſtle? If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. How? If any man not love him, when its mans greateſt honor that Chriſt vouchſafeth to give him leave to love him; nay, when, if he do love him, Chriſt gains nothing by it, but all the advantage accrues to the man himſelf? I will appeal now, if thi

be

be not a foule ſhame, and if thou doſt not deſerve this *Anathema*, *Maran-atha*. Yet,

2. There is a greater condeſcenſion then this. He hath not onely condeſcended to give us leave to love him, but, rather then fail of our love, he hath made us capable of loving him. The Philoſopher gave God thanks, that he made him a Man and not a Beaſt: and ſo muſt thou, or elſe thou art worſe then a beaſt; and ſo well maiſt thou, if thou wilt but take a reflext view of the ſuper-

eminent

eminent dignitie of thy Nature above the rest. Why Man (saith *Epictetus*) τί ἀγνοεῖς σου τὴν εὐγένειαν; σὺ ἀπόσπασμα εἶ τοῦ θεοῦ. if thou bethink thy self of thy naturall dignitie, its a great blemish and derogation to thy honour, if thou stoop to the love of any thing below the Deitie, whose very Image is stampt upon thee. What a lovely character doth *Philo* give of Man? He is (saith he) the most lively and lovely *Idea* of the Archetypall Life and Beautie, the most amiable picture of the most amiable

καὶ μολύνεις ἀκαθάρτοις νοήμασι, ῥυπαραῖς τε πράξεσι.

ἔχεις τὶ μέρος ἐκείνου ἐν σαυτῷ. παγκάλης πάγκαλον ἐκμαγεῖον, ἀρχετύπου λογικῆς ἰδέας παράδειγμα τυπωθέν.

able Deity. And indeed (ſayes *Socrates*) he is τῶν ζώων θεοσεβέστατον, the onely Creature under the Sun that is capable of religion, of knowing and of loving God; none other but Angels are ſo. Which made the Prophet break out into admiration, *Lord, what is man, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo honour him? Thou haſt made him little lower* (not many degrees lower) *then the* very *Angels.* Caſt thy eye upon thy ſelf: doſt thou not ſee a moſt vivacious will and ſagacious underſtanding ſhining within thee,

thee, as in thoſe Angelicall Spirits? And why (thinkeſt thou) did he ſo condeſcend to beſpangle thy ſoul with thoſe glorious powers, why with that vigorous underſtanding; but that, as an Eagle, thou mighteſt ſoare up, and gaze upon that moſt bright and dazzeling Sun of Glory? and why with that will, but, that upon that clear view of his reſplendent Brightneſs, it might, as thoſe Angels, be inflamed with love? Nay, not onely hath he impreſt in thee a vertuall capabilitie of love; but

but ſee with what art he contrives to imprint an actuall capacitie of love: elſe why (I pray) doth he preſent thee with ſo many tokens of his love, but to win and gain thy love? *The heavens declare the Glory of God*, (ſayes the Kingly Prophet:) not onely the Glory of his Power, but alſo of his Love. What a glorious Love was that, to enlighten thee here below with Stars, as it were with ſo many radiant, glittering Diamonds! The heavens? I, and ſo doth every creature

ture under the Heavens, proclaim the wonderfull love of God to man. Look where thou wilt, thou art ſurrounded with flames of his Love: *mirabile eſt ſi non ardeas* (ſayes *Cuſanus*) it were ſtrange if thou ſhouldſt not be ſet on fire; if not, ſure thou muſt needs be a diabolicall Salamander. Nay, why elſe, but that he might enamour thee on him, doth he ſend thee ſo many Love-letters tranſcribed by the Prophets and Apoſtles, and thoſe ſpeciall pledges of his Love, the Sacraments ſealed

Diabolicæ ſunt Salamandræ, qui tantis ignibus non calefiunt (Cuſanus.)

ſealed with his own bloud? Nay, why elſe doth he ſend down his glorious Spirit, that Architectonicall Chymiſt of Love; but, that he might by his ſacred breath blow up thoſe dead cinders of thy affections into ſparkes, and thoſe ſparkes into flames, and thoſe flames into perpetuall burnings? Nay, why elſe did this Jeſus himſelf, the bright Sun of Love, come down from his ſphere of Glory, and condeſcend to be ſhut up in the dark lantern of our fleſh, but that he might even

even burn and overcome thee with love of him, as he was with love of thee? Here is an enforcement upon thee; Love him now thou muſt, otherwiſe thou art prodigiouſly un-naturall. Every creature loves that which is like it ſelf: (the Wiſe man obſerveth that to be the very Law of Nature, which the very Brutes keep inviolable) and ſo will man, τῷ ὁμοίῳ προσκολληθήσεται), he will cleave to his like: and yet what ſayes my Apoſtle? *If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* How? not love him

Ecclus 13. 15.

him that is ſo like him, that he is cloathed with the ſame nature with man? No man hateth his own fleſh; and yet If any man not love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who is fleſh of his fleſh, and bone of his bone? I'le appeal, whether ſuch a man be not *opprobrium naturæ*, a ſhame and diſgrace to nature. *Anacreon* the Poet tells, how there had been an hot duell betwixt Love and himſelf a long time: Ἔβαλλ', ἐγὼ ἔφυγον, Love (ſaith he) grapled with me with all the skill and ſtrength that

that he had; but all that would not do, he had too rough a piece to encounter with: what doth he then, but in a furie ſhoot his arrowes thick and threefold at my breaſt? but all they were diſappointed by my prudent retreat and flight: At laſt having thus emptied his Quiver of all his ſtore, very ſlyly ἑαυτὸν ἐφῆκεν, he darted himſelf into my heart, and then alas, what could I do elſe but yield? φέλω, φέλω φιλεῖν, ἔπειθ' με ἔρως φιλεῖν· oh Love, thou haſt got the victorie, I may not, I will

ὁ δὲ ἐνθὺ τόξον ἄρας ἐξ χυσίην φαρέτρην, μάχῃ μὲ πρυκαλεῖτο· ἐγὼ δὲ νόημα ἔχων ἄζυλον, ἐκ ἐπείθην.

I will not reſiſt thee any more. And (I pray thee) is it not thy caſe, and every mans? How many vollies of his Arrowes did the Lord Jeſus, that God who is Love it ſelf, ſend after thee? how many tokens of his Love? and that in ſuch a prodigall manner, that, as if he had emptied his Quiver, he cries out, *What could I have done more* for my people *then I have done?* and at laſt, when all would not make any impreſſion, ſee if he doth not ſhoot himſelf into our very humane nature;

ture; ſee if by the force of love he be not transformed into a man. Ἔρως ὅρα, (as *Venus* ſaid to *(upid)* Love, ſee what Miracles thou doſt, who haſt power over God himſelf, and canſt turn him into what ſhape thou pleaſeſt. And yet If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? What, not him that was ſo overcome with love to man, that he condeſcended to become Man, and that to enforce man to the love of him? If he will not love him as God, he muſt love him now, becauſe he is become Man

ἔρως ὅρα οἷα ποιεῖς, ὃς μὲν Δία πολύμορφον ἐπιδεικνύεις, ἀλλάττων ἐς ὅ, τι ἂν σοι δοκῇ (*Lucian.*)

Man like himſelf : and yet if any man not love him ? Say now, whether that man be not *filius mortis qui hoc fecerit*, an heir of this Apoſtolicall curſe, and death, which doth ſuch an unnaturall thing. Not love him, who made him capable of love ; who, if he had pleaſed, might have made him a ſtock, or ſtone, or brute, neither capable nor ſenſible of love ? nay, not him, who himſelf was therefore pleaſed to be made Man, that man might be conſtrained to love him, as being of one

and the ſelf-ſame nature with himſelf? Not love him, who is not onely God, but Man? nay, not him, who ſo loved man, that he hath wedded mans nature to his own divine, glorious Perſon? nay, not him, who is the very Principle of all Love, and Love it ſelf? If this doth not ſpeak the man a Monſter, and ſet up an high aggravation againſt him, what will? How, if any man not love him, without whom he cannot love himſelf, or any thing elſe? For that (I hope) thou wilt not

not deny, becauſe himſelf hath aſſerted it; χωρὶς ἐμοῦ οὐ δύνασθε οὐδὲν, *without me ye can do nothing.* He doth not ſay (ſaith St. *Auguſtine,*) *Sine me parum poteſtis,* without me ye can do but little; or, but *difficulter,* very hardly: no, but *nothing* at all, not ſo much as ſpeak a good word, or think a good thought, (2 *Cor.* 3.5.) No, but whatſoever vertue or grace ſhineth in us, they are ſtreams flowing onely from that fountain: ἐκ τοῦ πληρώματος αὐτοῦ, *of his fulneſs we all receive,* (John 1.16.) If thou invoke him

Iohn 15. 5.

πάντη δὲ Δίος κεχρήμεθα πάντες.

its but an echo of that voice of his firſt calling thee: If thou ſee him, it is not ſo much an aſpection, as a reſpection. Juſt as an Image in the Glaſs, (ſayes *Ficinus*) that is imprinted there by the face looking into it; that Image does not look back upon the Face, except the Face firſt look forward upon the Image: and in that the Image does ſeem to ſee the Face, its nothing elſe, but that the Face does ſee the Image. And ſo, if thou love Chriſt, it is nothing elſe but the reflection or reſul-

reſultance of that beam of love, that was firſt trajected or darted from that pure fountain of Love. Its moſt certain, Love him thou canſt not, no, nor any thing elſe, *niſi amore ipſo prius inflammatus*, except that ſupreme wheel ſet that inferiour wheel of thine upon that motion. How is it poſſible that any man ſhould *affectare extra charitatem*, love without love? love without him, that is the very principle of all Love? If thou canſt not, I muſt now appeal, if thou be not a prodigie

in nature, if thou return hatred to him, who therefore made thee capable of love, that whatſoever thou loveſt, might be in order to him. Were not that a monſtrous Glaſſe, that ſhould return a Frown for a Smile, and Uglineſs for Beautie? And is not the ſame thy caſe, if thou return to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt hatred for love? What, love any thing rather then him, without whoſe influxe, neither could that thing be, nor couldeſt thy ſelf love it? Nay, hate him, by whoſe vertue

vertue thou loveſt that, whatſoever it be, which ingendreth that hatred? How ſhamefully unnaturall is this? How doth every thing in nature cry out upon thee? For there is nothing but naturally returns to its originall Cauſe, and alwayes (ſayes *Proclus*) the revolution comes home to the devolution, the aſcenſion to the firſt deſcenſion. *The rivers run to the Sea* (ſayes *Solomon*, Eccles 1. 7.) why? becauſe they firſt flowed from the Sea. The face in the glaſs looks back to the

ἀφ' οὗ γὰρ ἡ πρόοδος, ἐπὶ τοσούτῳ καὶ ἡ προόδῳ σύστοιχος ὀπιστροφὴ, (*Procl.*) *Aquæ in tantum aſcendunt, in quantum deſcendunt.*

face looking on the glaſs. why? becauſe it borrows all its being, and grace and features from it. The ſparks of fire aſcend or fly upwards. why? becauſe they firſt came from above. The beams of the Sun rebound back to the Sun. why? becauſe they were ſtreamed thence. Alwayes in nature there is a return of all things to their originall Cauſe. Why now, Love is a flame of Chriſts own kindling; and whither ſhould it aſcend but to its own proper Sphere? Love is a beam that was firſt

Unaquæq; res repetit ſuam originem (Marſ. Ficinus)

firſt ſhot from Chriſt the Sun of righteouſneſs, and a ſtream that originally flowed out from that immenſe vaſt Ocean of all Graces; & whither ſhould it retire or return but to him? And yet, If any man not love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? How? not love Him, who is the very pure fountain of Love? What a prodigious unnaturall wretch is that man? Let him ſay himſelf, whether my Apoſtle could do leſs then let fly his thundering Canons at him. Yet that is not all; But

3. There is a greater condeſcenſion of his Love to man yet. He hath not onely vouchſafed to give thee leave to love him, and to make thee capable of that love; but himſelf is the firſt that, what? ah, what am I about to ſay? that which though I cannot expreſs, yet can I not be ſilent: himſelf is the firſt that condeſcends, what? to *love us firſt.* Nay, higher yet, (though that in the judgement of Saint *John* be an high condeſcenſion) he condeſcends to ſue to us for our love; nay, and

Loquimur, & ſtupemus, inde non tacemus unde, tamen eloqui non volemus, (St. Leo.)

1 John 4. 10.

and ſends Ambaſſadors to agitate, nay, to intreat our love. *We are Chriſts Ambaſſadors* (ſaith my Apoſtle) *as if God beſought you by us; we beſeech you in Chriſts ſtead, be ye reconciled unto God.* Canſt thou hear this, and thy heart not be moulten into Love, at leaſt not ſtrucken with Admiration? Be ye reconciled unto God? and, we beſeech you? nay, God by us beſeecheth? what condeſcenſions are theſe? One would think, conſidering who began the Quarell, thou ſhouldeſt rather beſeech him to be recon- 2 Cor. 5. 20.

reconciled to thee, then that he ſhould beſeech thee to be reconciled unto him. Compare the Perſons: He; who? God, an infinite Majeſtie, at whole preſence the mountains tremble; Beſeecheth, whō? Thee, a poor ſilly Flea, a Worm, ψυχάριον νεκρὸν βαστάζον, a little Soul carrying about thee a dead piece of fleſh. Weigh the circumſtance of Time: He beſeecheth thee, when? when there is any thing of ſuch Lovelineſs in thee that is worth the Beſeeching? no, but when thou art wallowing

Marcus Imperat.

lowing in the goare, when (God knowes) there is no ſuch un-lovely and unſighty piece. A ſtrange condeſcenſion this; as if a King ſhould fall in love with a poor leprous Damoſell, and ſend Ambaſſadours to woe and beſeech her to entertain his Majeſti s love. But now conſider the manner of his beſeeching thee, and that muſt needs ſwallow thee up into aſtoniſhment. He beſeecheth, how? by writing thee Love-Letters in his own Bloud. He ſo paſſionately loves

loves thee, that rather then fail, he will die to winne thy love. No fond wanton lover of them all (ſayes Saint *Chryſoſtome*) though his brain be by the heat of love enfeavered to an high degree of frenzie, that is ſo all on fire with the love of his Miſtreſs, as the Lord Ieſus is with the love of thy Soul. He ſo loved thee, as that he expoſed himſelf to thouſands of Wounds, not onely made by Men, or Devils, but by the heavie hand of Divine Juſtice; and interpoſed his own ſacred breaſt to receive,

ceive, ſo to ſtave them off from thee. *Homines, quid miramini?* Ah (Men) what is it that ye can ſtand amazed at, if you do not at this, that God ſhould ſo affectionately love his creature? that, *Deus tantus tantillos, tantum, tam gratis*; ſo great a God ſhould ſo much love ſuch little inconſiderable worms? Shew me ſuch another wonder of love, if you can. That condeſcenſion of *Ieſus*, (ſayes *Nirembergius*) that ſtupendious humbling of himſelf to Death, and emptying himſelf of Glo-

Quid miramini, niſi ſtupeſcitis, quod Deus tam affectuoſe amet creaturas? (Euſeb. Nirembeig.) St. Bern.

Philip. 2. 7.

ry,

ry, was ſuch a tranſcendent maſter-piece of Love, that, ſhould any man have either imagined any ſuch thing, or wiſhed that ſo it might be, before himſelf was pleaſed to reveal that great ſecret, *The ſeed of the woman ſhall break the Serpents head*; *preces blaſphemiæ crederentur*, *votum ſacrilega voluntas*, that thought of his had been blaſphemy, and that wiſh horrible ſacriledge. What an impudence were it, if a Rebell juſtly ſentenced by the Judge to tortures & death, ſhould put up a Petition

to

to the King, to lay down his life, and to ſuffer the penaltie of the Law for him? what rude and prodigious Impudence were this? And yet, ſuch was the Love of our Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt, the King of Kings; he humbles himſelf to Death, nay, the death of the Croſs, the moſt ignominious and curſed kind of death, and that for us Men, who for our Rebellion were damned to eternall death; nay, and that before we ever, what? did make it our ſuit to his Majeſtie; nay, and

and before we ever durſt have thought of any ſuch horrid requeſt. It was a love unto death it ſelf, and that is the ſtrongeſt of all Loves. *Greater love then this* (ſayes my Apoſtle) *can no man have, then to lay down his life for another*: That is the Grand Love, without all doubt, and all compare; that is the *charitas ſuperlativa*, the greateſt of all. And yet here is one circumſtance that makes this ſuperlative love of Chriſt to us Men, more then ſuperlative: it was a love of anticipation; ſuch a love,

a love, that not onely exceeds all imaginations and deſires, but prevents all, which is the moſt kindly of all loves, the beſt kinde of love. And ſure it muſt ſpeak us the worſt of all creatures, if we ſhould not anſwer ſuch a love as this, with love. If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? How? not love him, who ſo loved Man as to die for him, rather then Man ſhould die the death? That were brutiſh. Brutiſh? nay, worſe; for the moſt ſavage of Brutes love thoſe that love them; the very

Nimis durus eſt animus, qui ſi non impendere, nec rependere vult (S. Aug.)

Amant a mantes Leones amant Tigres. (S. Aug.)

very Lions and Tigres do ſo. and yet, If any man not love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who ſo loved man as to die for him? that were devilliſh. Devilliſh? nay, worſe then devilliſh, (ſayes *Nirembergius*) for there is not ſo great a tie or ingagement of love upon the Devils, as there is upon us Men; the Lord Jeſus did not die for them, but for us Men, and for our ſalvation, *eripere de faucibus*, to reſcue us out of their furious jawes. If they hate him, they hate onely their Creatour; but if any of

of us men be ſo wretched, we do not onely hate our Creator, but our Redeemer, we hate him that poured out his own bloud to redeem us.

Say now, thou Monſter, whether thou beeſt not confounded with ſhame, and whether my Apoſtle could do leſs then to thunder out his confounding *Anathema* againſt thee. Which is my firſt kind of Arguments, for the ſhaming of thee out of that thy peeviſh and more then devilliſh humour; *viz.* the condeſcenſions of

Chriſts

Christs Love to us,

2. If thou beest not shamed, if thou please to take a view of those super-eminent Glories & Super-excellencies that shine in him, I shall challenge thee, if thou canst choose, do not love him.

But now (my sweet Jesu) how shall I be able to display the radiant beams of thy Glories, whose Intellect is cloathed, or rather clouded with Reason, and Reason with Phansie, and Phansie with Sense, which seeth nothing but shadowes and delusive dreams?

ἴσμεν γὰρ οὐδὲν τρανὲς, ἀλλ' ἀλάμεθα.

dreams? Alas, the brightneſs of thy Glory dazels me; and the more bright that ſhines, the more it leaves me in darkneſs: nay, and the more that my eye is thus dazeled and darkned, ſo much the more clearly does it ſee thee: I can never more fully ſee thee, then when I ſee thus much, that I cannot ſee thee; never till then do I comprehend thee indeed, but when I comprehend that thou art altogether incomprehenſible.

γνόφος ὑπερλάμπων, (Dionyſ. Areop.)

τοῦτο μόνον καταληπτὸν, ἡ ἀκαταληψία (Damaſcen.)

Reader, I beſeech thee help me out in admiration.

tion. The Prophet ſayes, *He ſhall be called wonderful*; and ſo well he may, (ſayes *Hierotheus*:) For howſoever that glorious Majeſty condeſcended to be clad with the baſe rags of our fleſh; yet, which is the wonder of wonders, in the very naturals, which he borrowed from us, he was ſuper-naturall, in our very eſſentialls, he was ſuper-eſſentiall; as his walking upon the Sea teſtifies, to the aſtoniſhment of all. No wonder he is ſtiled *Wonderful*, for indeed there is nothing ſpoken of him

Eſay 9. 6.

κἂν ἀληθῶς ὑσιώθη, καὶ ἀνὴρ ὁ ὑπέρθεος ἐχρημάτισε. ὃ πάντων καινῶν καινότατον, ἐν τοῖς φυσικοῖς ἡμῶν ὑπερφυὴς, ἐν τοῖς κατ' ὑσίαν ὑπερούσιος. τὸ περιπατεῖν ὑπεράνω τοῦ ὕδατος.

him but ſpeaks a Wonder.

That he ſhould be born, who is Eternitie it ſelf; be made Fleſh, by whom not onely all Fleſh, but all Principalities and Powers were made: nay, made of a woman; nay, and that a Virgin: this is ſuch a Wonder, that the very Angels deſcend from Heaven to ſee a greater wonder below; nay, ſuch, that God himſelf ſeemeth to wonder at it; *The Lord hath created a new thing upon earth, a Woman ſhall compaſs a Man.* A new thing? why? Ier. 31. 22.

ὁ ἀόρατος ὁρᾶται, ὁ ἄχρονος ἄρχεται. (S. Chryſoſt.

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is that ſuch a wonder? Yes, and thy ſelf ſhalt ſay, there was never any ſuch, if once thou ſee what woman that is, and what that man. That woman is ſuch a woman as is a Virgin (ſaith the Prophet *Eſay*) ſuch a woman as never knew man. You may think this ſtrange, for ſo did that Bleſſed Virgin her ſelf, when an Angel told her ſhe ſhould bring forth a Son; πῶς τοῦτο, *how can this be, ſeeing I know not a man?* Very ſtrange, a Mother, and yet never knew man; a Virgin, and yet

Eſay 7.14

μήτηρ ἄνανδρος, παρθένος βρεφοτρόφος, (Ioan. Metrop.)

yet compaſs a man. And yet look upon that man that is compaſſed by her, it's infinitely more ſtrange. It is no other then he that *meaſures the waters with his ſpan, and comprehends the heavens with his fiſt*; it is he *whom the heavens of heavens cannot comprehend* (ſaith *Solomon:*) and that he who is incomprehenſible, ſhould be comprehended within the narrow womb of a Virgin, if this be not καινὸν καινότατον (ſaith *Damaſcen*) the onely new thing either under or above the Sun, what is? Never was

Nec alia mater decebat Deum niſi virgo, nec alius filius decebat virginem niſi Deus, (Petr. Bleſenſ.) Eſay 40. 12.

μειζόνως ἀπόδειξιν δυνάμεως ἔχει τὸ δυνηθῆναι θεὸν ἐν ἀνθρώπου φύσει γενέσθαι (Baſ.)

there ſuch a demonſtration of the power of the Deitie as this (ſaith Saint *Baſil*) that the leſſer ſhould comprehend the greater, that the Daughter ſhould conceive and bring forth her Father, the Sheep her Shepherd, the Creature her Creatour: was there ever ſuch a wonder as this?

And ſo not onely his Birth, but his Death, how wonderfull was it? which gave ſuch a deadly wound, not onely to Death, in token whereof many of the dead aroſe out of their Sepul-

Sepulchres; but alſo to him that had the power of death, deveſted him of his power, threw him out of his Temples, ſilenced his Oracles. What a triumphant expreſſion is that of my Apoſtle, (*Coloſſ.*2.15.) *Having ſpoyled Principalities and Powers, he made a ſhew of them openly,* (as his captives) θριαμβεύσας *triumphing over them* ἐν αὐτῷ *by the Croſs.* It was ſuch a rout, that *Ignatius* ſayes, the Devill never ſince either hears or ſees the Croſs, but he is all in a ſhaking and trembling.

τρόπαιον κατὰ δαιμόνων, ὅπερ ἐρῶν φεύγει, καὶ ἀχέων φοβεῖται.

And then his whole Life, what was it elſe but *miraculis fulgens*, a very Theatre of miracles? What think you of giving eyes to the blind, life to the dead, hearing to the deaf, ſpeech to the dumb? He did ſuch wonders, that *Amelius Platonicus* crieth out, Sure God hath put on our humane nature, and therein doth ſhew the world the Majeſtie of the Divine nature. And *Agbarus* King of *Edeſſa* (ſayes *Euſebius*) wrote a letter to him, wherein he concludes, τὸ ἕτερον τῶν δυῶν, one of theſe two,

---νεκρῶν γὰρ ἀνάστασις ἔσται, Καὶ χωλῶν δρόμος ὡς ὠκὺς, καὶ κόφως ἀκούσει, Καὶ τυφλοὶ βλέψουσι λαλήσουσ' οὐ λαλέοντες, (*Sibylla.*)

two, Either Thou art God, or the Son of God, that doeſt thoſe things that I hear of thee.

ἢ ὅτι σὺ εἶ ὁ Θεὸς, καὶ καταζᾷς ἀπὸ τῆς ὑφανῆ ποιεῖς, ἢ υἱὸς Θεῦ ποιῶν ταῦτα.

And yet, If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt: How? not Him, whoſe Birth, and Life, and Death, and all Actions ſpeak nothing but Wonders? Not love Him that is ſo full of ſuch Excellencies, that the very blind can deſcrie the glories of the Deitie ſhining through the cloud of our fleſh which he aſſumed? Its impoſſible: thou muſt either deny that, * which the Devils durſt

* Matth. 8. 29. ἀναγκαζόμενοι τὴν θεότητα. (S. Chryſoſt.)

not, his Divinitie; or elſe thou muſt be raviſhed with love of him.

Or if that varietie of his Excellencies allure not, caſt thy eye upon the variation of the glorious Reſemblances which my Apoſtle here runs upon. *The Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* What a divine *philtrum* and charm of love is wrapt up in every of theſe Titles, able to melt hearts of iron into love?

τὰ ῥήματά γε παρέχει καὶ τοῖς ἀφωνήτοις φωνὴν τινά.

The Lord, that ſpeaks a ſoveraign Power. He is *Lord of all* (ſayes Saint *Peter*:) yea, and ſo ſayes every creature; all ſtoop

Ὑπηκόῳ

to

to the Sceptre of his Imperiall command; *Fire and hail, snow and vapours, depths and all dragons, winde and storm, all fulfilling his word,* (Psal. 148. 8.) nay, so the Angels above; *Could* I *not now, if I would, command a legion of Angels?* (saith he) nay, and the very Devils below; *Lord, in thy Name the Devils are subject to us.* He is a Lord of that *Power,* that *he bears up all things*: who if he should withdraw the influxe of his Power but one moment, we should all instantly sink into our old Chaos again.

δ' αὐτῷ θάλασσα, καὶ πέτραι, καὶ πᾶσα ἡ πηγὴ, &c. (Æschylus).

Heb. 1.3.

again. *It is good for me to cleave to the Lord* (ſayes *David*:) and he ſaid wel in it (ſayes S. *Auguſt.*) for if he cleave not to him, to himſelf he cannot. Lord, if thou wilt that I depart from thee, I muſt beſeech thee to give me another Thee, otherwiſe I ſhall be very loath to depart from thee. And yet, If any man love him not? fly off in his love from him, who is a Lord of that power, that he can ſo eaſily, if his wrath be kindled, diſmiſs him into the lake of fire and brimſtone? what deſperate folly is that? But

Domine, ſi vis ut recedam à te, da mihi alium Te, alias non recedam.

But if his Power make no impreſſion in thee, ſee what that other name (*Chriſt*) will do. He is not onely Lord, but Chriſt. Which is a name (ſayes the Spouſe) that breaths forth nothing but Aromatick odours and rich perfumes; *Thy Name is as an ointment poured out, and therefore the Virgins love thee*: and, *All thy garments ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes and Caſsia* (ſayes King *David*:) and, *Thou art anointed with the oyle of gladneſs above thy fellows; Præ conſortibus, & pro conſortibus*, for thy fellows too, that Cant. 1. 2.

that it might drop upon all that breathe after the fragrant Sents thereof. Its this Chriſt, this Anointed, that perfumes all, not only our Perſons, but our Prayers, and all other actions, and makes them odoriferous and acceptable to his Father. Its he onely that is the ſole delight of all the Divine Senſes: nothing delicious to his palat, but what is ſeaſoned with the gall of his Son; nothing melodious to his ear, but what ſounds with the name of this his eternall Word; nothing lovely

ly in his eye, but what is ſeen through this ſpotleſs glaſs of Beautie; nothing pleaſing to his ſmell, but what is ſented with the rich odours of this his Chriſt or Anointed. *This is my beloved Son, ἐν ᾧ εὐδόκησα, in whom I am well pleaſed,* (Matth. 3. 17.) And yet, If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? How? not love him, without whom he cannot be lovely? not love him, without whom he may not draw near to the preſence of God, but muſt be ſtruck with a javeline of death?

If

If any man not love Christ, without whose sweet unctions, Hell it self exhales not a more odious, noysome stench, then every man must? What Vultures are such Wretches, *quibus etiam Alabastrum unguenti plenum putere videtur*; that are rather drawn with stinking carrions, then such precious sovereign Perfume?

Yet, if this will not allure thee, what thinkest thou of him as *Iesus*? which very word speaketh and breatheth forth nothing but love (sayes Saint *Bernard*) *Mel in ore, melos in aure.*

re. Spell the letters, and there will reſound in thine eares a Saviour. *O quam dulce nomen!* what muſick ſo raviſhing? And yet, If any man not love the Lord Jeſus? How? not love him that is his Saviour, that hath not onely redeemed him from Hell, but purchaſed Heaven for him? It is impoſſible. What, I hope, thou art not ſo abhorrent from nature, that thou wilt court thy own Death or Ruine, nay, or wiſh it; but rather wiſheſt and loveſt thy ſalvation. Doſt thou ſo? and yet not love

οὐδεὶς ἄκων μάκαρς (*Ariſtot.*)

love him who is the Authour and finiſher of all ſalvation? How can this be? Every man loves light; and yet, if any man not love the Sun, the fountain of light? no man but loves ſalvation; and yet, if any man love not Jeſus, the fountain of ſalvation? What incongruities, nay, what impoſſibilities are theſe? Thou muſt either deny Jeſus to be a Saviour, which would be little comfort to thee; or renounce all pretences to any love, or wiſhing well to thy ſelf, which were very un-

unnaturall ; or elſe thou muſt love him. The love of thy Ieſus will conſtrain thee to it, nay, the very love of thy ſelf muſt. *Et ipſam animam* (ſayes Saint *Bernard*) I would hate my very ſoul, if it ſhould not love my Ieſus. Nay, *Ariſtodemus* an Heathen, hearing Philoſophers arguing the provident care of the gods, and love to man, cries out, Oh if I were aſſured of that, ſure I would not ſo ſlight and vilipend them as I do. And yet, If any man, any Chriſtian man, love not the Lord Ieſus,

Et ipſam animam odio haberem, ſi non diligeret meum Ieſum.

οἰνομίζοιμι θεὺς ἀνθρώπων τι φροντίζειν, εἰ κἀν ἐμαλοίην αὐτῶν (apud Xenoph.)

Ieſus, ſuch a loving God to man, that, rather then man ſhould periſh, came down from Heaven to ſave him? it cannot be. Oh man, how canſt thou mind or think of any other love, when ſuch a Ieſus is to be loved? or if thou doſt ſuch a morall impoſſibilitie, how canſt thou denie, (I appeal to thy ſelf) my Apoſtles cenſures of *Anathema*, *Maran-atha*, to be very juſtly inflicted on thee? And yet, that is not all I have to ſay to thee; But,

3. Take along with thee but

but three Principles which I ſhall tell thee, and ſure they muſt convince thee, and evince thy love, and enforce thee to love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, if thou reſolve to love any thing.

1. None can chuſe, but every man muſt love that which is beautifull: this no Devill can deny. For indeed (ſayes *Plato*) Love is not love, if it be not of that which is lovely. Love is nothing elſe *niſi pulchritudinis deſiderium* (ſayes *Cuſanus*) but breathing after the enjoyment of Beautie: and (ſayes *Ficinus*) * it acquieſceth

Ἔρως δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ἔρως, οὐ μὰ πρὸς τὸ καλὸν, (*Plato*)

* *Amor tanquam ejus finem, fruitionem reſpicit pulchritudinis,* (*Marſ. Ficinus.*)

ceth in the enjoyment thereof as in its end. No man can properly love any thing but what is beautifull; and what is so, none can chuse but must love it: and therefore it is called καλὸν, because (sayes *Proclus*) it is so lovely, that it draweth all eyes to stupour and admiration of it; as *Lucian* brings in young *Paris* so ravished at the sight of fair *Helena*, that he thought he could not enjoy himself, though a Prince and Heire of famous *Troy*, nor could live, unless he enjoyed that Beautie. And

ἐραστόν ἐστι τὸ καλὸν, καὶ πάντα ὀπτῆρός πρὸς ἑαυτὸ, καὶ κινεῖ διὰ πόθου καὶ ὀπτηλήξεως (*Proclus.*)

ὥλως ἰδὼν τῆς ὥρας ἠγάσθη, ὡς οὐκ ἄν φέρετο βίοτον ταύτης ἐστερημένος. (*Lucianus.*)

Pin-

Pindarus ſayes of the lovely *Theoxenus*, that he that gazing upon that auguſt and comely face of his, is not ſurprized with amazements, and inflamed with loves and deſires, he muſt have an heart of Adamant or Braſs.

ἀκτῖνας προσώπου μαρμαρίζοντας δραχεῖς, ὃς μὴ πόθῳ κυμαίνῃ, ὡς ἀδάμαντος.

Beautie is of that force, that ἐκστατὸν ποιεῖ, that it tranſports all that look on it, out of themſelves, and rapts them with a divine furie (ſaith *Proclus*.) And there may be ſome reaſon for it (ſayes another Philoſopher) for indeed it is no other then *divini luminis*

Marſilius Ficinus.

imago,

imago, a very image of the divine light, *imo vultus*, of the divine countenance; and who can chooſe but muſt be raviſhed at any the leaſt glimpſe of the Deitie?

Why now, Chriſt is *ipſa eſſentialis pulchritudo*, Beautie it ſelf, the very eſſentiall *Idea* and pure ſampler of all beauties: he is that Beautie, that beautifies and beſpangles all the ſeverall ſpheres of the whole Univerſe, with all whatſoever gracefulneſſes or comelineſſes glitter in them; that adorneth the Angelicall mind

mind with its beautifull order of *Ideas*; the rationall ſoul with its golden chain of Reaſons; active Nature with its varietie of ſeeds; and the lowermoſt Orbe of all, paſſive Matter, with all its ſeverall forms, that you ſee the Lilie ſo cloathed, that *Solomon* in all his royaltie was nothing comparable to it. Οὔ πως ἀμφιέννυσι, it is this abſolute Beautie that ſo cloathes that and and all other things with their amiable complexions and comely ſhapes, (ſayes *Cuſanus*;) and they all are nothing elſe then ſo many, Matth. 6. 29.

many ſeverall adumbrations of this one abſolute Beautie, who is the comprehenſion of them all; as Unitie is the complication of all Numbers, and Number is nothing elſe then the explication of Unitie. In Number is all Proportion, in Proportion is all harmonicall Order, and therefore all the Beautie that reſults from that order and proportion, muſt needs be wrapt up in Unitie in a more eminent manner. He is ſuch a Beautie, that the very Angels (ſayes S. *Peter*) ἐπιθυμοῦσι παρακύψαι, are gree-

1 Pet. 1. 12.

die

dy to peep into; nay, ſuch a Beautie, that God himſelf proclaims from his moſt excellent Glorie, that he is raviſhed at the ſight of him; *This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleaſed.* And yet what ſayes the Apoſtle here? If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. How? any man not love him that is ſuch a Beautie, that God himſelf takes a wonderfull complacencie in him? No man, but loves what is Beautifull: and yet, If any man not love him who is ſo Beautiful that he is Beau-

tie it ſelf? Thou muſt either deny him to be ſuch a Beautie, which Hell it ſelf dares not; or point out ſome other that may be compared, and ſtand in competition with him; or elſe thou muſt be enforced to love him.

But is there any other indeed? No, thou art groſly deluded, if thou fancie any thing to be a reall Beautie here below: it is merely (ſayes *Boethius*) *imbecillitas oculorum*, the weakneſs of thy eyes that fools thee into that conceit: hadſt thou but one pierce-

ing

ing eye, thou wouldſt ſee that that, which thou takeſt to be ſuch a peerleſs beautie, there were not *vilius ſterquiliniũ*, a more loathſome dung-hil then it. Nay, *Diana* her ſelf (ſayes *Lucian*) παρθένος ὅλως καλὴ, that famous Lady of Beautie, being ſuddenly by *Actæon* ſpied naked, as ſhe was waſhing her ſelf in a bath, for fear leſt he ſhould tell tales abroad of her cleanlineſs, ſhe opens the mouths of his own hounds upon him to ſtop his. Alas, whatſoever Beautie thou meeteſt with here, it is no

φοβηθεῖσα μὴ ἐξαγγείλῃ τὸ αἶσχος αὐτῆς, ἐπῆφηκεν αὐτῷ τὰς κύνας.

other then an exile ſhadow of Beautie. The Sun that is ſo reſplendent, and ὑπερφαλλόμενος καλὸς, ſo exceſſively beautifull, that if any man dare impudently gaze upon it, he indangereth his eyes; yet is it but εἰκὼν καὶ σκιὰ (ſayes *Plato*) an image, nay, a ſhadow of the Deitie. And that intelligible, that Divine Light which is the Archetype and Fountain of all, (ſaith *Philo*) doth as far exceed in luſtre and brightneſs that viſible Light, that ſo dazles our eyes, as that Light doth Darkneſs it ſelf.

εἴ τις ἀναιδῶς θεάσηται, ἀφαιρεῖται τὴν ὄψιν. (*apud Xenoph.*)

τὸ νοητὸν φῶς, τὸ ἀρχέτυπον πάντων, τοσούτῳ τοῦ ὁρατοῦ λαμπρότερόν ἐστι καὶ αὐγοειδέστερον, ὅσῳπερ ἥλιος σκότους.

ſelf. *Nirembergius* thinks the Spouſe alludes to or implies ſome ſuch thing, by that her expreſſion, *I ſought him whom my ſoal loveth, by night. Nox eſt reſpectu Domini ſplendor rerum venuſtarum*; all the beauties of Sunne, and Heavens, and Stars, and Angels, are but Night in reſpect of Chriſt; and were they all contracted into one Beautie, yet what were it compared with him? *turpis & obſcura eſſet*, how obſcure and unlovely would it appear? But, *ſi tantum umbra lucet, quantum lux ipſa*, if his very

ſhadowes ſeem ſo bright and glorious in thy eye, oh how bright and glorious muſt the Fountain it ſelf ſhine? And yet what ſayes the Apoſtle? If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Very ſtrange: But without doubt, the reaſon is, becauſe he is ſo immerſt and ſunk into ſenſe, and, like the Hedge-hog, (ſayes *Clemens Alexandrinus*) rowling altogether in fleſh, that he is incloſed with, that he cannot riſe up into the ſublime ſpeculation of ſpirituall Beauties, but entertains the ſame (if

ὥσπερ ἐχῖνοι, σφαιρηδὸν ἑλόμενοι, πρὸς τὸ μακαρίου καὶ ἀφθάρτου θεοῦ παιδιὰ, οὐδὲ καθ' ἑαυτῶν δοξάζουσι.

(if not lower) imaginations of them, as he doth of ſenſuall and carnall. Why do we dote ſo fondly upon this world? (it was the ſaying of an heathen woman.) Why? ὅτι στίλβει, becauſe it glitters with many gaudie gaities: but it would not ſo, had we but the leaſt inſight into that other above. Oh if once our eyes were bleſt (ſaies *Plato*) with the ſight of Beautie it ſelf; and we did behold it in its own puritie and complexion, * as it is in it ſelf; not (as here) mixt and ſtained with fleſh and

δυσέρωτες φαινόμεθ' ὄντες τούτου, ὅτι στίλβει καὶ γαῖαν δι' ἀπειροσύνην τοῦ ἄλλου βιότου.

* τὸ καλὸν ἀλικρινὲς, καθαρὸν, ἄμιξον, μὴ ἀνάπλεων σαρκῶν τε καὶ χρωμάτων καὶ ἄλλης πολλῆς φλυαρίας.

bloud, and over-laid with *ceruſſaes* and paintings, and daubed with Apothecaries drugs; but in its own genuine hue and bright flame. what then? we would not then think that gliſtering Gold, and ſparkling Diamonds, or beauteous Ladies were it; and oh, how would the ſight thereof inflame all with love that behold it? (ſaith he moſt divinely.) And you may well think ſo (ſaith *Hermes*) whenas the very glimpſe thereof hath ſo rapt ſome out of themſelves, that they never were them-

οὐ καταχρύσιόν τε καὶ ἐσθῆτα καὶ τοὺς καλοὺς παῖδας δόξει σοι εἶναι.

καὶ δεινοὺς ἂν παρεῖχεν ἔρωτας.

καὶ εἰδόντες, συμφορὰν τὴν ἐνθάδε διατριβὴν ἡγήσαντο.

themſelves again, till they came to the full enjoyment thereof. Come (ſayes holy *Monicha*) *Volemus in Cœlos, fideles volemus in Cœlos*; come Chriſtians, let us get us to our wings, and fly up to our bleſſed Jeſus; *ut quid hic agimus*, what make we here below, when he is above? what joy can we take in his abſence? And ſo holy *Ignatius*, ὁ ἐμὸς ἔρως ἐσταύρωται, my Love is crucified; and there is not in me any ſuch fire as can take any pleaſure in preying upon theſe carrions and ſordid pleaſures below, but there is a pure

ὁ ἐμὸς ἔρως ἐσταύρωται, καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν ἐμοὶ τὸ πῦρ τὸ φιλόϋλον, ἀλλὰ ὕδωρ ἁλλόμενον λέγει, λέγει πρὸς τὸν Σωτῆρα.

water leaping up & down in me, and whiſpering unto me, Up (*Ignatius*) get thee up to thy Jeſus. And oh now (ſaith he) how I long to be thrown into the jawes of thoſe Lions which I hear roaring for me! and if they will not diſpatch me the ſooner, καὶ προσβιάσομαι, I will enforce them to it by violence, that ſo I may enjoy the ſight of my bleſſed Jeſus. And yet, If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? what? not love him that is ſuch a Beautie, that the Saints with chearfullneſs run through

ὠναίμην τῶν θηρίων, ἵνα τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ ἐπιτύχω.

through any kindes of deaths, ſo to have the ſight of him? No man but loves that which is lovely: and yet, if any man not love him, who is ſo lovely, that he is lovelineſs it ſelf? Thou muſt either deny him to be the Brightneſs of Glory, and ſo give my Apoſtle the Lie; or thou muſt be enforced to love him. O my heart (ſayes *Nurembergius*) why doeſt thou not pluck thy ſelf up by the very roote, after ſo great a Beautie? which is the firſt eviction.

Heb. 1. 3.

O cor meum, quomodo non te evellis poſt tantum decorem; (Nuremberg.)

2. No

2. No man can chooſe, but he muſt love that which is good. This cannot be denied: for there is that naturall cognation betwixt man and goodneſs (ſayes *Plato*) that there is not any thing elſe which man loves, but what is good; inſomuch that, if their hands or feet be ſo gangren'd that they ſeem naught, they are willing to have them cut off. That which is good, is not onely diffuſive of it ſelf, but attractive of all others, it drawes all by its genuine ſplendour, nay, ἀναστᾷ, it drawes

ἐθέλειν ἄλλο ἐστὶν ἢ ἐρᾶσθαι ἀνθρώποις ἢ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ. καὶ αὐτῶν πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐθέλουσιν ἀποτέμνεσθαι.

ἀνέλκει πάντα καὶ ἀναστᾷ ταῖς οἰκείαις ἐλλάμψεσιν ὡς ἥλιος.

drawes by a kindly violence, as the Sun doth all eyes, to love and admiration (ſayes *Proclus*). For as Truth is the adequate object of the Intellect, ſo is Goodneſs of the Will; and as the Intellect cannot properly underſtand any thing but what is true, ſo neither can the Will love any thing but what is good, and what is good, it cannot but love: if at any time it doth unhappily embrace that which is evill, it does not therefore embrace it becauſe it is evill, but becauſe

οὐδεὶς κακὸν ὅτι κακό ἐστιν ἕλοιτ' ἄν. (*Ariſt.*)

cauſe the Underſtanding being deluded does repreſent it under the notion of good; otherwiſe it is impoſſible that Vice ſhould impoſe upon us, if it did not come in the habit of Vertue: if the Will decline good, it is becauſe that good ſeemeth evill, and the very declining, good. Goodneſs hath ſuch a ſweet force upon the Will, that the very ſhadow of it enforceth the Will to court it, and to make love to it. And this (ſaith the *Platoniſt*) is the very reaſon, why both Beautie ſo allures

Non niſi virtutis ſub umbra decipiunt vitia. (Seneca)

lures the Eye, and Harmonie ſo raviſheth the Eare: Beautie, becauſe it is nothing elſe but a viſible Goodneſs, for there is all the difference between them; Goodneſs is an inward Beautie, and Beautie is an outward Goodneſs, diſplaying to all eyes the lovelineſs that is ſhining within: and ſo, as Beautie is a viſible Goodneſs, ſo is Harmonie *bonitas audibilis*, an audible Goodneſs; which therefore is ſo highly delightfull, becauſe of the huge complacencie and pleaſure that the ſoul takes in

τὸ κρύφιον αὐτοῦ ἐκφαῖνον, καὶ προλαμψὰν τὸ ἐραστὸν αὐτοῦ, (*Procl.*)

in Goodneſs, whereſoever it meets with it, through what organs ſoever it is conveighed, then which (ſayes *Marcus Antoninus*) οὐδὲν συγγενέστερον, there is nothing does more harmonize with its nature, or is more ſuitable and agreeable. Why now, Chriſt, as he is eſſentiall Beautie, ſo he is eſſentiall Goodneſs: as the ſpotleſs glaſs of Beautie, ſo (ſayes the Wiſe man) he is εἰκὼν τῆς ἀγαθότητος, the Image of the Divine Goodneſs; or (as Saint *Iohn* characterizeth him) ὁ λόγος, the very *Idea* and

Wiſd. 7. 26.

and Reaſon, or pure Sampler of all things, which are no other then contracted Images of that moſt abſolute one. And if ſo, then you may irrefragably conclude (ſayes *Philo*) that that ἀρχέτυπον, πρὸς ὃ πάντα ἀπεικονίσθη, that originall Sampler, whence all created beauties and goodneſſes were ſo drawn out to the life, muſt needs be in himſelf infinitely more lovely and good. For no effect can poſſibly riſe up to the dignitie of its primordiall cauſe: whatſoever vertue or excellencie is

ἀνάγκη γὰρ τὸ παραδείγμενον

τοῦ πρά-ϛοντος κα-τα δεέϛε-ρον, (*Proclus.*)

is ſhining in any ſubordinate cauſe, muſt needs be in the higheſt in a more eminent and exuberant manner preexiſtent; nay, and that ſo ſupereminently (ſayes *Ficinus*) that what belongeth to thoſe Effects, cannot properly be attributed to their higher cauſe: as to ſay Heat is hot, Wiſedome is wiſe, Light is lightſome, Goodneſs is good; what defective, nay, and derogative predications are theſe? Joy (ſayes the *Areopagite*) whereſoever it glanceth, it affects with marvellous chearfulneſs

neſs; yet we cannot properly ſay that Joy it ſelf is affected with chearfulneſs, or is joyfull, but is ſo Joy as paſſeth all imagination. If there be any goodneſs in the Creature, how infinitely more muſt there be in the Creatour, ſo as exceeds all apprehenſions? Why calleſt thou me good? (ſayes Chriſt to him, that had a conceit that he was but a mere man.) Why calleſt thou me good (who lookeſt not upon me as God, as well as Man?) There is none good but God. Good? nay, God is

is ſo good, that he is Goodneſs it ſelf (ſaith *Hermes*.) there is ſuch a reciprocall identitie of God and good, that if thou ſayeſt that any other thing is good but God, ἀσεβεῖς, thou art impious, or that God is any other thing then good, thou art impious again. And yet what ſaith the Apoſtle, If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. How? not love him that is the eternall Son of God, that is, ἀληθινὸς θεὸς very God (ſayes Saint *Iohn*) bleſſed God for ever (ſaith my Apoſtle?) No man but

τοῦτό ὅτι τὸ ἀγαθὸν, τοῦτό ἐστιν ὁ θεὸς, ὁ θεὸς τ' ἀγαθὸν ἢ τ' ἀγαθὸν ὁ θεός.

1 John 5. 20.

but loveth whatſoever hath but the appearance or ſhadow of Goodneſs, nay, and cannot but love it; and yet, if any man not love him, who is the very eſſence and ſubſtance of Goodneſs, Goodneſs it ſelf: it cannot be. Thou muſt either turn an *Arrian*, and blaſphemouſly denie his Divinitie, which not onely Angels have proclaimed, but the very Star at his birth, and the very ſtones, rocks and monuments at his death, and the very windes roared out upon the Sea, and Devils upon

on the Land; or elſe thou muſt be enforced to love him. And were it not that ſad experience ſpeaketh the ſame that my Apoſtle here, I ſhould think it an uncharitable cenſure and ſuppoſition, that there ſhould be any ſuch monſtrous man, that loves not ſuch a lovely God. Man? Very ſtrange, that man, a rationall creature, whoſe very Reaſon will diſpenſe with the love of nothing but what is good, and will tell him, he offers violence to his nature, if he do; ſhould yet forſake the

Nemo adeo alienus à lege naturæ eſt, ut malum qua malum eligat. (Senec.)

the very Principle and End of all good, and fall in love with mere *ſuperficies* and ſhadowes thereof, and with fooliſh *Ixion* embrace an emptie Cloud in ſtead of bright *Iuno*. For ſo the verie Pagans ſhall tell thee; πάντα τὰ ἐρώμενα (ſaith *Plotinus*) all theſe things that thou ſo doteſt upon here, and all-to begoddeſt, what are they but mortall, nay, and mortiferous, and ſenſeleſſe loves of Idols, or liveleſſe Images? Nay, (ſaith *Plato*) whatſoever thou lookeſt upon here, is a mere Dream, that ma-

πάντα τὰ βλαστικὰ, καὶ εἰδώλων ἔρωτες (*Plot.*)

ὄνειρος ἐστὶν ὁτιδοῦν ἐνταῦθα ὁρώμεν, (*Plato.*)

man is onely awake that seeth that he seeth nothing else but Dreames. Δευρὶ μ̃ (saith *Plutarch*:) alas we are here onely, τὸν θεὶν ὀνειροπολοῦντες, as those that are surprized with dead sleeps; and our soul doth grasp and groap at that which is divine and good indeed, merely as in a dream. And yet if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ: not love him that is the very Ideall Fountain and reall Veritie of all that is worth the loving, and [illegible] his love [illegible] [illegible]ore him [illegible] verisimilitudes and sha-

Δευρὶ μ̃, ὡς διὰ τῶν ἐνυπνίων ἡ ψυχὴ ἀσπάζεται καὶ τέθηπε τὸ κάλλιστον καὶ θειότατον. (Plutarch)

ſhadowes, fleeting ſhadowes, nay, which therefore (ſayes *Gregory Nazianzen*) that divine Wiſedome out of an holy Policie made ſo fleeting and unſtable, that we might not ſo fooliſhly fixe our love upon them? how irrationall is this? Caſt a piece of bread to a dog (ſayes *Nirembergius*) will he be ſo fooliſh as to leave the ſubſtance and fall upon the ſhadow? For ſhame (ſayes Saint *Chryſoſtome*) let not us rationall creatures be ſo mad as to run after that which flyeth

Ἵνα τὸ ἐν τούτοις ἄστατον καὶ ἀνώμαλον διωρήσωντες, πρὸς τὸ μέλλον μεθαρμοσώμεθα, (Greg. Naz.)

μὴ τοι αὐτὴν ὑπομένωμεν ἄνοιαν, μὴ φεύγωμεν τὰ μένοντα, καὶ μένωμεν τὰ φεύγοντα, (Chrys.) τίς διαιρήσει τὰ ὄντα καὶ τὰ φαινόμενα; τοῖς μὲν ἕψεται, τῶν δὲ ὑπερόψεται. τίς σκότος ἀπὸ τοῦ φωτός; τίς ἐλὺν βύθου καὶ ἁγίαν γῆν; (Greg. Naz.)

away from us, and to flie away from him, who remaineth one and the same blessed God for ever. For shame, shall we never learn to distinguish betwixt Light and Darkness, Shadowes and Substance, Moments and Eternitie, Apparences and Realitie? Why, man, (saith *Menander*) εἰ θνητὸς εἶ, θνητὰ καὶ φρόνει, if thou be onely a mortall creature, and that soul of thine shall expire as that of the beasts, then go and mind, and love onely such as are like thy self: But, if

if thou be a divine creature, and haſt ſuch a ſoul as is immortall, then why doſt thou not minde and love ſuch things as are ſuitable to thy noble nature? If Goodneſs be the naturall object of thy Will, and the Will cannot love any thing elſe but what is good; for ſhame man, (ſayes Saint *Auguſtine*,) let not thy affection ſo adhere to created Goodneſſes, that thou neglect the Fountain, whence they were all derived. If theſe blurred lines ſo delight, why then ſhould not

cum aliqua non amentur niſi quia bona ſunt, pudeat iis in hærendo non amare bonum Ipſum unde bona ſunt.

He that is the pure Copie of all? If ſuch ſtreames, nay, dropps pleaſe thee, why ſhould not He infinitely more, who is the infinite Fountain of all? Thou muſt give a reaſon why not, or elſe reaſon it ſelf telleth thee, thou muſt love him. No man but naturally loveth what is good, either reall or apparent: *Ieſus* is Goodneſs it ſelf. That is the ſecond Eviction: one more, and I have done.

πᾶν τὸ βέλτιον φαινόμενον ἔχει νόμος ἀπράκτῳ (Epictet.)

3. None can chooſe, but muſt love his owne perfecti-n

perfection and happineſs. This (I preſume) thou wilt not denie ; for it is an inviolable Law of Nature (ſayes *Ariſtotle:*) ὃ πάντες ἄκρον μάκαρ, Happineſs carrieth the votes of all, even of the Wizzard *Balaam* himſelf. As that which we naturally breath after is good and beautifull, ſo it is perfect and happie. As good, ſo it is the originall Being of all things : as beautifull, ſo it is the Grace and Comelineſs of all : as perfect, ſo it is the ultimate Center and Acquieſcence of

all. As it is good and beautifull, so it moveth and draweth all to the love of it: as it is perfect, so all things move and draw themselves towards it. As good and beautifull, so it is of an admirable attractive vertue: as perfect, so it is of a wondrous conversive and circulative Force; it wheels about the severall Spheres of the Creatures, and reduceth them back to it self.

ἐπιστρεπτικόν ἐστι τῶν ὅλων, εἰς ἐπιστροφὰς καὶ συνελίξεις τελεσιουργεῖ, (Procl.)

No created substance but hath its revolution: and alwayes you shall see, whither

πάντα μετέχει ἐπιστροφῆς.

whither their return tendeth, there is their Perfection, becauſe their center where they can onely reſt and terminate their motion. which is the reaſon, why heavie Elements deſcend, and light aſcend, nay, and that in a direct Geometricall line, which yet is not their proper motion; for in their Spheres their motion is circular, the Fire above moveth circularly, and the Water below, and the Aire betwixt both, moveth circularly, and ſo would the Earth, if it

mov'd, as *Copernicus* conceited; and yet all these in their motions and tendencies towards their centers move in a strait line, without the least circulation or fetching any compasse about; and why so, but that they may be the sooner at their homes, where onely they can rest, and their nature is perfected?

Why now Christ, as he is the essentiall Pulchritude, and essentiall Goodnesse of all; so he is the essentiall Perfection. In him *dwelleth the fulnesse*

(Coloss. 2.9.)

fulneſſe of the Godhead bodily, (ſayes my Apoſtle;) and that Divinitie of that God-Man (ſayes *Dorotheus* divinely) which the Jewes looked upon with ſuch diſdain, is ſuch a fulneſſe of Perfection, that it eſſentiateth all eſſences, it naturalizeth all natures, it perfectionates all perfections: it is perfect in things that are imperfect, it is full in things that are emptie, in things that are full, it is over-full. The πρωτότοκος, first-begotten of everie Creature (ſaith my Apoſtle again.)

τέλειος μὲν ἐν τοῖς ἀτελέσιν, πλήρης ἐν τοῖς ἐνδεέσιν, ἐν δὲ τοῖς πλήρεσιν ὑπερπλήρης. (Coloſſ. 1.15.)

Yet, leaſt that ye ſhould damnably miſtake him (as ſome Heretícks have done) you muſt underſtand, that he was not onely the firſt-begotten, but the μονογενὴς onely-begotten (ſayes Saint *John*) and ſo by conſequence the firſt and laſt; and therefore ſomething more and above a Creature. What is the meaning then of that Riddle, The firſt-begotten of every Creature? That is, as I conceive, It was he that was the originall Beautie and Perfection, whence all the

John 1. 14.

the Creatures got and derived whatsoever excellencies and perfections shine in them; he the fair Coppie, whence all these lines were transcribed. So *Clemens Alexandrinus* seemeth to allude. God the Father (when he was upon the glorious designe of framing the severall orders of the Creatures) was pleased to cast his eye upon his glorious Son, that eternall λόγος, or *Idea*, and infinite sampler of Perfections; and according to that sampler before his eye did he draw them all out

ἀρχετύπῳ χρώμενος αὐτῷ

out in their ſeverall lineaments and features and complexions. If you take this for a fancie, read that Text of the Prophet, and then tell me if a man would not think as if the Apoſtle did onely paraphraſe upon him: *Oh how great are thy workes! in wiſedome haſt thou made them all*: (for ſo Chriſt is ſtiled, the wiſedome of the Father) And *the earth is full, τῆς κτίσεώς σου of thy Creatures.*

(Pſal. 104. 24.)

What can be more clear? Nay, you ſhall hear himſelf, (*Coloſsians* 1. 16.) with

with what elegancies does he expreſs how Chriſt was that abſolute lovely conception of the Father, and the complication of all created Perfections; and all had the reaſon and cauſe of their Being in that complacencie of the Father? ἐν αὐτῷ τὰ πάντα, ἢ δι' αὐτοῦ, & εἰς αὐτὸν, *In him were all things created, things in Heaven, and things in Earth, things viſible, and things inviſible, &c.* and all things were created by him, and for him, and he is before all: nay, and the *Areopagite* addeth, ἢ αὐ-

τὸς

πάντα ἀχῶτως καὶ συνειλημμένως καὶ ἑνιαίως.

τὸς ἐστι πάντα, He himself is All: All Perfections absolutely, and All comprehensively, and All singularly; what they are all severally and distinctly, he is singularly and μοναχῶς alonely: ἀνακεφαλάιωσις πάντων, All are summed up in him, κορυφοῦται τὰ πάντα, All in him are perfected: he is the Essence of things essentiall, the sense of things sentient, the life of things living, the intellect of things intellectuall, the perfection of things perfect, and then are all things the more perfect,

ζωὴ τῶν ζώντων, &c. (Dionys. Ar.)

perfect, the nearer they come to him who is the Perfection of All; as the Elements reach to the higher degree of Life, being assumed into the vegetative nature of Plants, those Plants reach to the higher degree of Sense and Imagination, being assumed into the nature of Brutes, and those Brutes reach to Reason in Man, and Man to the higheſt degree of Grace and Glory in Chriſt, God-Man. And ſure there is ſomething more then is ordinarily imagined, in that expreſſion of my Apoſtle,

Prov. 8. 22. Ἔκτισέ με ἀρχὴν ὁδῶν αὐτοῦ εἰς ἔργα αὐτοῦ, poſſeſſed me, wiſedome, (not ἔκτισε as the Sept.) the beginning of his proceedings to his works.

(Rom. 8. 21.) poſtle, *the very creation groans, longing to be delivered from their bondage of corruption*, (from ſuch ſlav ſh ſubjection to ſuch a corrupt creature) εἰς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, *into the glorious libertie of the Sons of God.* Never do they take themſelves to be at libertie indeed, till man (who is their glory, and in whom is terminated their perfection) be advanced to that immenſitie & amplitude of liberty, that he is become one with Chriſt the perfection of All. And yet what ſayes my Apoſtle here? If any man love not the Lord Jeſus

ſus Chriſt. How? not love him who is the perfection of man and all things? No creatures, but to the utmoſt of their power, reach out themſelves towards the participation of him, as far as their capacities will extend; and yet, if any man, who is the perfection of them all, and who can onely reach to him, not love him, not breathe after him? No creature but *ſpirat aliquid Dei, aſpirat Bonum*, breathes forth ſomething of God, and doth ſomewhat breath after God; it ſtrives by its reſtleſs motions and agitations,

Omnis creatura colit & amat quandam beatitudinis & Dei ſtatuam, (Marſil. Ficinus)

tions, that what it is, it may be well at leaſt, if not better; which, what is it elſe then *affectare Bonum, ſplendorem Dei* (ſayes *Ficinus*) to affect good, the brightneſs of the Deitie, by which the Univerſe is beautified? And yet, If any man not love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? Man, the Lord of all, onely of all creatures degenerate? No man but wiſheth to be happy and perfect: and yet, If any man not love him who is happineſs it ſelf, and perfection it ſelf? What ſad contradictions are theſe, and how irrationall? What thinkeſt

thinkeſt thou now of it? Is it not reaſon that thou ſhouldſt love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? Art thou not enforced to it, when every thing in nature crieth out upon thee if thou do not? Thou muſt either ſhew ſome other object, that can perfectionate thy love, and ennoble it, or thou muſt renounce thy naturall reaſon, or elſe love him thou muſt: for that is ἀπαράβατος νόμος (ſayes *Epictetus*) an inviolable law of reaſon, that whatſoever appeareth the beſt, that be loved beſt: and then (ſayes another Heathen)

τὸ φανὲν μεῖζον βέλτιον νόμῳ ἀπαράβατος.

then) thou must know that that only may be esteemed best, which makes thy self best, that is, just, wise, free, holy: and without all doubt (saith a third,) that is a truth that is evident to every man; what? that whatsoever it is that makes man happy, it must be something that will assimilate him unto the Deitie, rather then what will make him un.godlike; and that must needs make the man therefore happy, because by that assimilation he riseth up into the highest perfection (sayes another Heathen;) as if

ὡς ὀυδενὸς μ' ἀγαθοῦ ὄντος, ὃ οὐχὶ ποιεῖ δίκαιον, σώφρονα, ἐλεύθερον (Marcus Imperat.)

* οἶμαι γὰρ τοῦτο καταφανὲς παντὶ, ὅτι δὴ τὸ τοῖς θεοῖς ὁμοιότερον εὐδαιμονεῖ μᾶλλον, τῶν δι' ἀνομοιότητος καὶ ἀλλοτριότητος ἐστερημένων (Proclus.)

if a liveleſs picture ſhould be aſſumed and advanced into the ſame vigorous degree of livelineſs and lovelineſs, with that majeſtie which it reſembleth.

ὡς εἰκὼν πρὸς τὸ ἀρχέτυπον (Plotinus)

All this is reaſon, is it not? Now point me out, or ſingle out any one object here below, if thou canſt, that will raiſe thee to that divine perfection. I will tell thee what one of theſe Heathens ſaith in this caſe; If the rationall ſoul ſtoop to the love of theſe materiall treaſures, or brutiſh pleaſures, it deſcendeth, and debaſeth it ſelf infinitely, and

κάτωσι δὲ ἡ ψυχὴ ἀλόγως προσλαβοῦσα ζωὰς, (Plotin.)

τὸ δὲ ἐνταῦθα καὶ ἐν τούτοις ὕπτωσις καὶ πτερορρύησις.

and its an unhappie fracture of her noble wings, and precipitation of the soul: If thou doubtest the mans judgement, yet what can be more infallible, when it is the very nature of love, to transform the soul into the image of those things which it loves? and there is a Text that implieth so much, They are become ἐβδελυγμένοι, abominable like those things which they have loved. *Si terram amas, terra es*; If (saith Saint *Augustine*) thou lovest Earth, thou art Earth; and so whatsoever else. And if that be

Transformat in imagines istarum rerum quas amamus, (Raym. de Sab.)

Hos. 9. 10.

be not an embaſing of the ſoul, to degrade it, and transform it into ſuch low elements of ſuch inferiour natures to it, what is? What is it then that will beatifie and elevate the ſoul into its primordial ſtate of perfection? Why (ſaith he) its a wiſe receſs and retreat of the ſoul from all loves of, and affectionate converſe with theſe things below, and an holy flight and retiring unto him onely, who is onely.

ὁ δ' εὐδαίμων βίος ἀπαλλαγὴ πόνων τῇδε, καὶ φυγὴ μόνου πρὸς τὸν μόνον (Plotin.)

Chriſtian, doſt thou hear this without a bluſh? Lets ſee now, what canſt thou pre-

pretend to love that's worth the while, beſides Jeſus Chriſt? Whatſoever it is that is leſs then a God, that cannot poſſibly fill up the vaſt chaſms and immenſe capacities of the ſoul; that's ſure: and if ſo, then take joy in it it cannot, that's as certain; no, nor can it be ſaid properly to enjoy it (ſaith S. *Auguſt.*) for that onely can it enjoy, which can terminate the reſtleſs motions of its deſires, and which being once attained, the ſoul is happy, & which being loſt, it is miſerable and wretched. And if there be

Quicquid minus Deo mentē Dei capacem non implet. (Bern.)
Si aliud præter Deum habeo, nec aliud plene poſſideo, nec Deum. Deus qui non deficit, ſolus mihi ſufficit, (Euſeb. Niremb.)
Et hoc adepto beata, quo amiſſo miſera fit anima, (S. Aug.)

be any thing elſe then the Lord Jeſus, the loſs where-of will undo you, then go and love it with all thy heart, and ſoul, & ſtrength, and ſpare not. But ſay in ſober ſadneſs, is there any ſuch indeed? There is litde ſigne (ſaith *Longinus*) when it is the greateſt argument of a great mind, to look upon them with the eye of diſdain and contempt, as poore, ſmall nothings. and he inſtanceth in thoſe things, which the world adores as the great gods; Riches, Honours, Principalities. If there be

ὅταν ὑπάρχῃ μέγα, τὸ καταφρονεῖν ὅτι μέσα, οἷον πλοῦτος, δόξα, τυραννίς (Longinus.)

any thing that will satisfie the soul, it is more then *Solomon* could see, who had his eyes in his head, and could tell better then another, as having a full experiment of all. He cries out, *Vanitie of vanities,* (emptinesse of emptinesses) and *all things are vanitie and vexation of spirit.*

Vexation of spirit, that they must needs be, because First, they are emptinesses they can no more fill up the spirit or soul, then a drop of water can fill up the huge Ocean; no more quench the natural desires

the ſoul, then a little water can the thirſt of a man inflamed with a feaver: nay, they are ſo far from that, as that they inflame the more: they vex them, as the Tick vexeth the Oxe, or the *Indian* Gnats do the Lions, which ſitting on their eye-browes, cauſe them to ſcratch themſelves blind.

ἀεὶ περιστιζόμενον οὐχὶ τὴν ὁρμὴν ἴσχουσιν, ἀλλ' ἀναφλέγουσι τὴν ὄρεξιν, (Iſid. Peluſ.)

Secondly, A vexation of ſpirit they are, becauſe they delude the man, which no man can endure, and put a cheat upon him, promiſing huge contentments and pleaſures, and when he hath run through them all, he

ἀλλὰ δόλον ζῶν ἐξαπατώμενος, (Arrianus.)

findes no more ſatisfaction in them, then ἐν φαχῇ μύρας, an hungrie ſtomach doth in the reaking fume of a ladle, or dreaming of a banquet. The ſpirit muſt needs be vexed, to be thus deluded and gull'd in its expectation.

And thirdly, A vexation of the ſoul they muſt needs be, becauſe they are of an heterogeneous and extrinſecall nature to this our ſpirituall. It is a groſs miſtake (ſaith *Plotinus*) if thou takeſt any of theſe material things to be the good which thou naturally ſeekeſt, or to be thy

τῷ ὄντι οὐδὲ τὸ ἀγαθὸν ἡμῶν, οὐδὲ ὃ ζητοῦμεν, οὐδὲ ἦν τὸ ὄντως ἐρώμενον.

thy good indeed, or to be loved by any but fools: and if (ſayes *Marcus Antoninus*) thou be drawn to any of their loves, thy motion is violent, ὥσπερ τὰ νευροσπαστά, as thoſe Puppets that are ſet on motion by gins of iron or wire, that are of another and extrinſecall nature. That ſoul that is moved by any other principle then God, (who onely can move it naturally, becauſe he onely is that ſoveraign Good and Truth wherein the Will and Underſtanding can acquieſce) is dragged by un-

naturall principles, and therefore by violent. No wonder then he calls it a vexation of ſpirit, that puts the ſoul to a moſt torturing violence, and turneth it out of its naturall biaſs. Nay, *Epictetus* will tell thee, that, as none but baſe and ſervile ſpirits wil deſire things impoſſible; ſo, none but ſuch as dare proudly to fight with God, will love any thing that is of a diſtant and ſtrange nature from him. And yet, what ſaith the Apoſtle? If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. How? not love

τὸ μὴ δυνατῶν ἐφίεσθαι, ἀνδραπῶδες καὶ ἠλίθιον· ξενοῦ δὲ, θεομαχοῦντος.

him, ſuch an incomparable and comprehenſive perfection, that all things elſe are but mere emptie Vanities and Nothingneſſes? Not love him, that is that abſolute neceſſarie One; that is both the Principle, and Middle, and End of all Pluralities, all the myriads of all created Beings and entities both in Heaven and Earth; that abſolute One, or Unitie, that is ſo one, that he is all; ſo that if any man ſeek reſt in any thing elſe, he cannot poſſibly find it, becauſe he ſeeks it not where it onely is, he

Qui habet hoc unum, habet unum univerſale.

he ſeeks it not in one, but in another, and therefore otherwiſe then he ſhould, and otherwhere then it is! What folly? what madneſs is this? For ſo the Prophet putteth them both together, *I ſaid unto the fools, deal not ſo madly.* Here is the folly and madneſs of men: they runne after Riches, and Pleaſures, and Honours, and run themſelves out of breath in their hot purſuit after them; and the more they runne after them, the more they runne from him who is the veritie and realitie of them all.

(Pſal. 75. 5.)

φεύγουσι δ' αὐτοὶ αὐτὸ τὸ ὄν, (Plot.)

all. Which is that frenzie, that himſelf inviteth the Angels to ſtand agaſt at, (Jer. 2. 13.) *Be aſtoniſhed ye Heavens ; They have forſaken me the Fountain of living Waters, and have digged unto themſelves Ciſterns that will hold no waters .* As if he had ſaid, If there were any other Fountain beſides my ſelf, that could ſtay or ſatisfie their thirſt, I could diſpence with that their revolt from me ; but now that there is no other ſuch but my ſelf , that they ſhould forſake me,and run to the Creatures, that are mere

mere emptineſſes, this is that offendeth and aſtoniſheth me. Ah wreched and mad man (ſayes *Cuſanus*) no man that ſeeketh any thing, but pretendeth to ſeek ſomething that is good; and he that ſeeketh good, and forſaketh God, what doth he but run away from that which he ſeeketh? And if this be thy caſe, I cannot but wonder at thee, nay, I hope thou wilt now begin to wonder at thy ſelf: to be ſure, thou mayeſt not, canſt not any more wonder at my Apoſtle, for his *Anathema, Maran-atha*;

ran-atha ; nor at me, if I dismiss thee with the saying of an honest Philosopher, Why pretendest thou to live, if thou think much to love him by whom thou livest ?

τί οὖν ζῇς, εἰ καλῶς ζῆν οὐ μέλει σοί; (Diogenes.)

FINIS.